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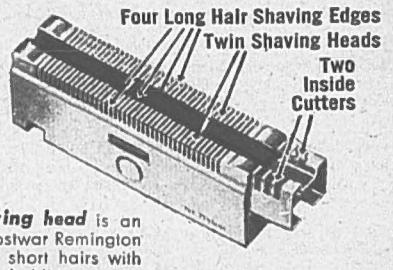

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★ ARTICLES

Will It Be Boom and Bust Again? *Gunther Stein* 13
Global Banker, *Stacy V. Jones* 16
Beware of the Dog Gyps! *Harmon and Elsie Tupper* .. 18
High-flying High, *Violet Eaton Putnam* 19
Homes for Americans—No. 7, *Darrell Huff* 20
Let's Call Off the Olympics, *Irving Wallace* 24
"Them Hollywood Nuts," *John Maloney* 25
The New Battle of Germany, *Juliet Bridgman* 26

★ STORIES

The Undying Gratitude of Bigfoot Foster
Samuel W. Taylor 14
The Only Way—Short Short, *Duane Decker* 22
Swords of Grass, *Charles Bonner* 28
Post Mortem, *George Harmon Coxe* 32

★ PICTURES

No Man Likes a Cold Woman, *Helen Faith Keane* 30

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

Aston Kings—*A chuckling novel by Humphrey Pakington of English country life—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 35

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam 10
Books in Review 50
Crossword Puzzle 50
Veterans' Bulletin Board 60
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 66
Liberty Goes to the Movies 72
The Thropp Family 78

★ EDITORIAL

Lest We Forget—War Is Waste! *Paul Hunter* 82

Cover: Gregory Peck, star of The Yearling

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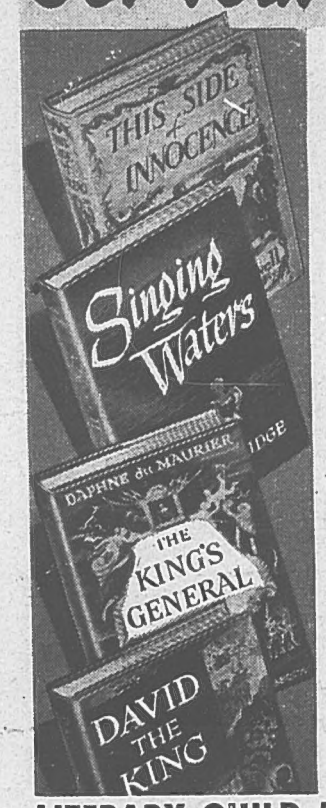

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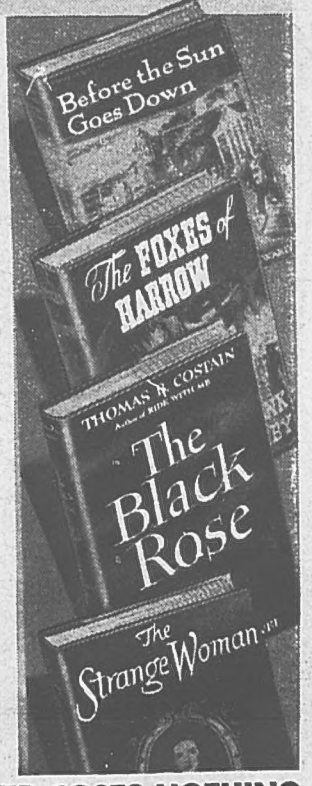

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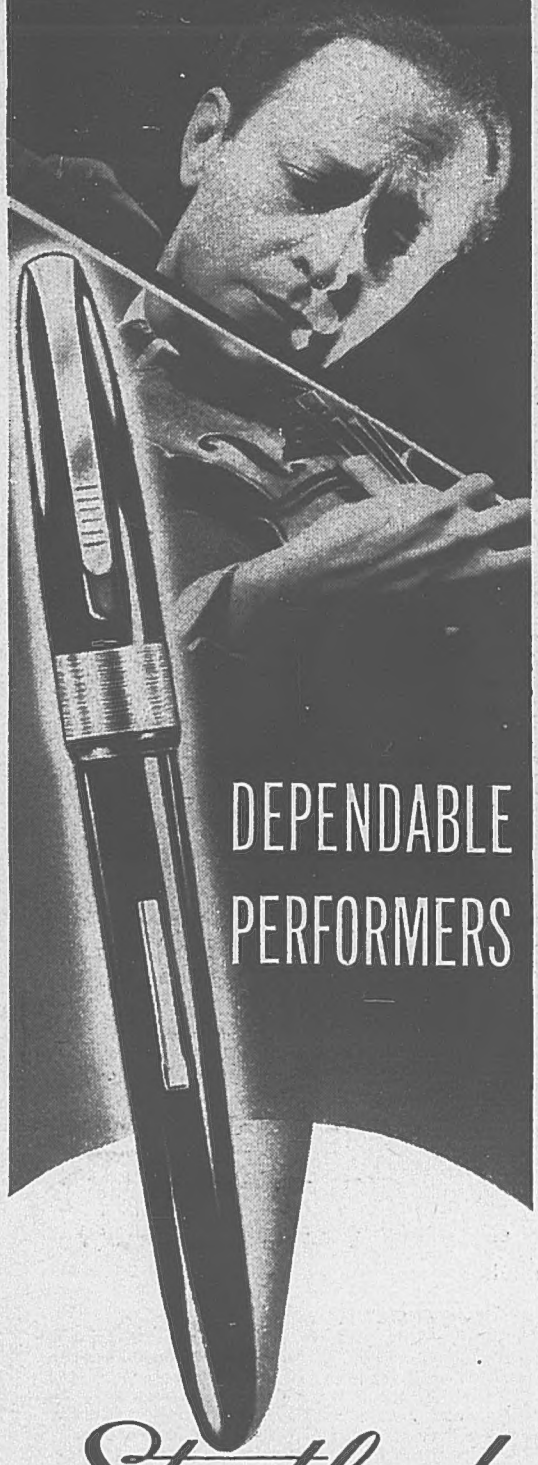

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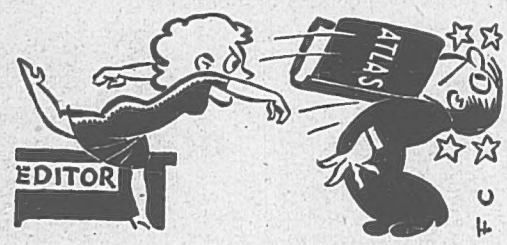
UNIQUE TOWN?

GIESSEN, GERMANY—Stacy V. Jones is entirely wrong in Uncle Sam Lets Go (August 24) when he says Youngstown is in New York. There is only one Youngstown in the



United States—and that is in the great State of Ohio.—*Tony L. Moone.*

On our map there are four others.—VOX POP EDITOR.

GRAPES OF WRATH

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In the article, The Great Stampede (September 21), Dickson Hartwell comes up with the news that we here in our Golden State are going to be invaded by another "Grapes of Wrath."

The picture of us living in jerry-built houses, trailer camps, and shacks as a bunch of crackpots with screwy ideas is very enlightening, but we like it, along with our sunshine, beaches, mountains, and many other nice things.—*E. W. G.*

WIPE OUT GREED

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Regardless of whose foreign policy we adopt, we will continue to have wars as long as greed for trade and territory exists among the nations of the earth. Foreign policy will mean nothing until greed is wiped from the hearts of men.—*Dick B. Johnston.*

NO SECRET

EAST AURORA, N. Y.—I have read Paul Hunter's editorial, On Giving Up the Atomic Bomb (September 7), and wish to point out one mistaken idea he seems to have in common with about every other writer in the country.

There is no secret about the atomic bomb.

I have spent over two years doing research on the project. I can state definitely that without any spy work, Russia or any other major power can be exploding atomic bombs in less than three years.—*C. B. Proudfoot.*

IN OLD NEW ORLEANS

HOUSTON, TEXAS—If your condensation of The Foxes of Harrow (September 21) is anything like the book, and I assume it is—well, I don't know when I've read anything quite so bad. Obviously, Mr. Frank Yerby does not know the Louisiana French. Tossing in a few *monsieurs* and *ma fois* isn't going to fool anybody in New Orleans. Mr. Yerby evidently thinks that if a character says "heem," he is French, and "ye," he is Irish. While endowing them with these tags, he might also have thrown in a few by which readers could recognize them as human beings.—*Vivian Prague DeMaria.*

DETOUR

FRESNO, CALIF.—The trip to Fresno from Gilroy over Pacheco Pass is accurately and well described by David Dodge in the story, Sneak Punch (October 5 and October 12). But why the hero took the time and pains to come back to the 99 Highway in order to get to Los Angeles

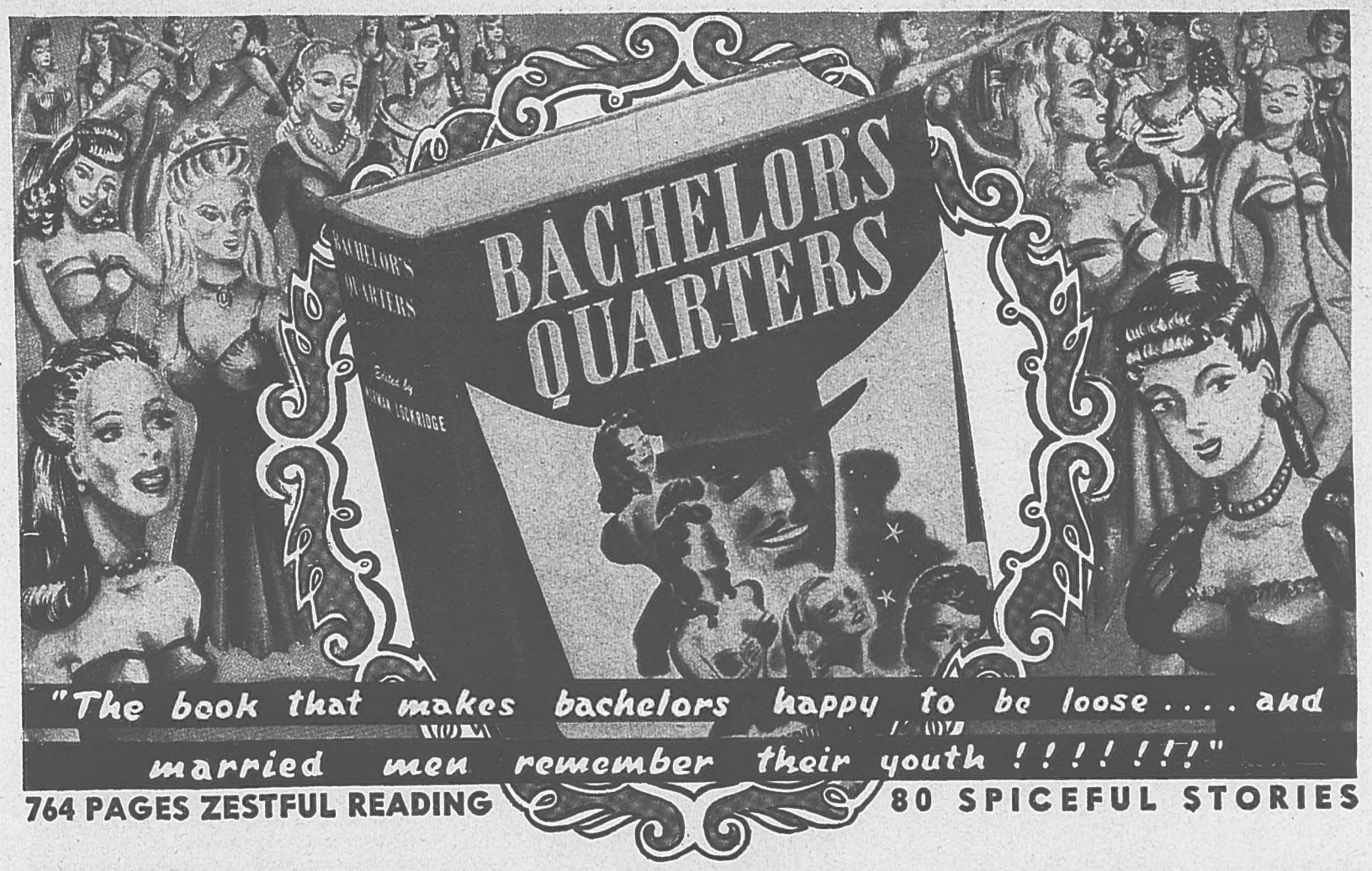
when he could have thumbed a ride from Gilroy on the 101 Highway and saved a side trip of over 100 miles is something Mr. Dodge probably knows better than I do.—*E. R. Welch, X-Rail.*

For a fugitive from justice, like our hero, a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points.—VOX POP EDITOR.

LET GANG BUSTERS RULE

HAPEVILLE, GA.—With city, county, and even state governments becoming tainted with gangsters whose rise to power threatens our national government, we had better get men who are known to be absolutely invulnerable to the bribes or threats of gangsters or their highly paid mouthpieces.

The party that has the sense to draft J. Edgar Hoover for President, and back other outstanding gang-busters for important places in government ought to sweep its ticket into office in future elections.—*Carl F. Morgan.*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Francis Gribble

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Admiral Mark Kerr

DUSKY RUTH
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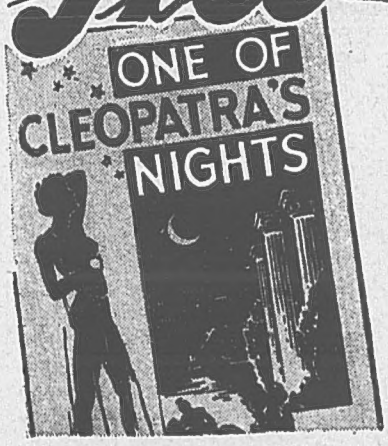

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE TUPPER TEAM

BEWARE OF THE DOG GYPS! (page 18) was Elsie Tupper's idea, for she is the real dogophile of the family. According to Harmon, her husband and collaborator, "she'd rather have a dachshund (black, female) than a 1947 car—unless, of course, she could get the car." During the war, when he was overseas as a naval air combat Intelligence officer, Elsie worked in the story department of Twentieth Century-Fox. Since he came home last year, they have been writing articles together. Harmon, who was educated at Dartmouth and the Sorbonne, is by profession an advertising copywriter for book publishers.

AN ECONOMIST LOOKS AHEAD

GUNTHER STEIN, who answers the question, WILL IT BE BOOM AND BUST AGAIN? on page 13, has been a leading economist for many years. As a foreign correspondent, he traveled widely in Europe and Asia, studying conditions firsthand and always turning up at important conclaves such as the World Economic Conferences in Geneva and London after the first World War. He has written for the top business publications here and in England, and is well known as a lecturer.

NEXT WEEK

THE racketeers, greedier and tougher than ever, are moving in again on the unions. Victor Riesel and Will Chasan give you the inside story in MUSCLING IN ON LABOR. . . . Take the No. 18 TO BARSTOW with Wessel Smitter and ride the locomotive cab of the Super Chief thundering east at almost two miles a minute. . . . Even a dog was once listed in New York's Social Register, says Earl Welch, but it's something else to stay in this SOCIETY BIBLE. . . . In FOR LOVE OR MONEY, Samuel W. Taylor starts a suspenseful two-part tale of the A.W.O.L. underworld in postwar Europe—and of a sergeant and a love'y Wac. . . . To get A HUSBAND FOR JULIA and have one's own apartment was worth a sacrifice. But in Isabella Taves' short story, the sacrifice didn't include a certain guy. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, GRANDFATHER OBJECTS, by Walter Beebe Wilder, is the amusing account of grandfather's summer in the country—when everything from relatives to cloudbursts descend upon him.

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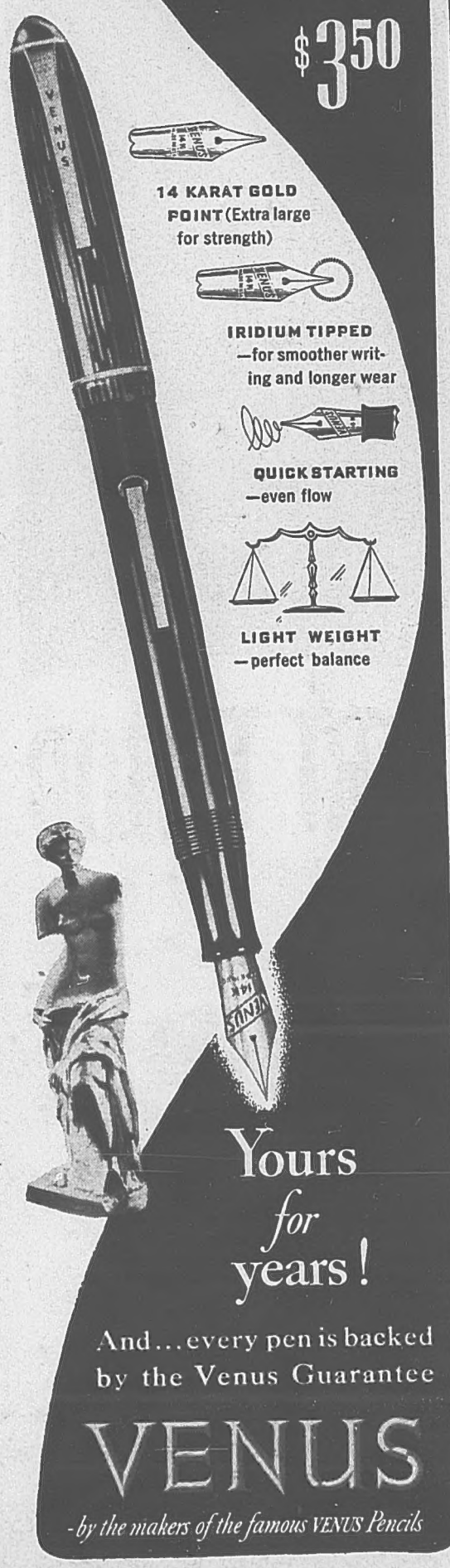

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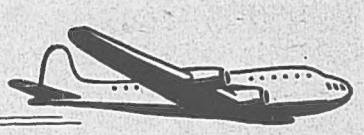


ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Could our A.A.F. at last outdo Britain's jet record? By now, it may have tried again; here's how its chances looked beforehand

NO racing enthusiasts of any kind ever get more excited than aircraft engineers do when a two-nation tussle is on for the world speed record. By the time this On the Beam appears in print, the Americans hope to have the speed record back in their hands, but at the time of writing the crown still rests with the British.

On the U. S. side, the contender is the Republic XP-84 Thunderjet, a small 37-foot jet-propelled airplane that was flight-tested no longer ago than last August. The British jet plane, which has already established a number of records, is the Gloster Meteor.

In England the Royal Air Force is trying to keep the record, while in the United States it's the Army Air Forces that is putting forth all efforts to bring to America the largest number of world air records.

Up to the time of writing, the United States hasn't held a world speed record since 1923—and that was when 266.59 m.p.h. was the tops. Since 1923 the French, the Italians, the Germans, and the British have been the record holders.

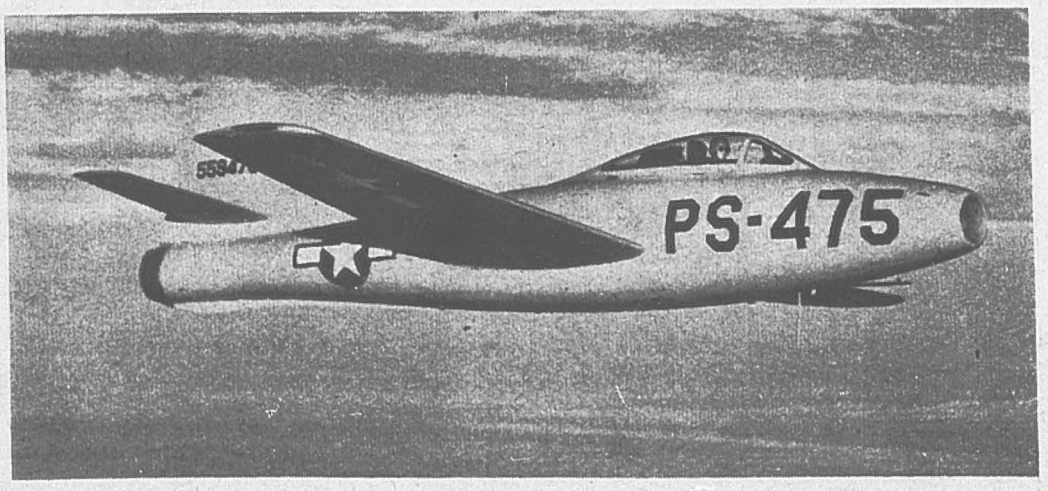
The last claimant before the war was a German, Fritz Wendel, who flew at 469.22 m.p.h. on April 26, 1939.

As soon as the war was over, the British got busy with their jet airplanes, and on November 7, 1945, Captain H. J. Wilson flew a Meteor at 606.255 m.p.h., exceeding the previous record by 137 miles an hour. On September 8, 1946, Captain E. Donaldson, flying a Meteor, raised the world record to 616 m.p.h. at Tangmere, England.

On our side the Republic jet, flying at Muroc Lake, California, averaged 611 m.p.h. for the four required runs across the course on September 17, setting a national record but failing to beat the British. One of the runs was clocked at 619 miles an hour, but in order to establish a record the course must be flown four times at an average speed of five miles an hour in excess of the existing world record. Having failed in the first attempt, the A.A.F. immediately began readying the XP-84 for a new trial.

THIS air record business is taken quite seriously. A world air organization, the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, in Paris, is the official recording agency and the National Aeronautic Association in Washington is the agency in this country. Every scientific precaution is taken to achieve accurate measurements.

The XP-84 is the latest jet-propelled military airplane, succeeding the P-80 Lockheed Shooting Star as the nation's top jet. In it is a new type of jet engine, the TG-180 axial flow type manufactured by General Electric. Its range is 1,000 miles and its service ceiling is 40,000 feet. In line with what has always been true, that the fastest airplanes are small, the XP-84 has a wing span of only 36 feet 5 inches and an over-all length of only 37 feet 3 inches. Its design is extremely clean.



One of the first photos of the Republic XP-84 Thunderjet, A.A.F. contender for world speed record, in flight. Unlike other American jets', its air intake is in the nose.

Tasting OLD TAYLOR today you see how truly it honors the traditions of Old Kentucky. That rich bouquet and glorious flavor result from a noble art nobly maintained—the art of the distiller who feels that if bourbon is worth making it's worth making superlatively well. And that, very simply, is why OLD TAYLOR ranks among bourbons *of topmost choice* in any gathering that appreciates life's finer things.

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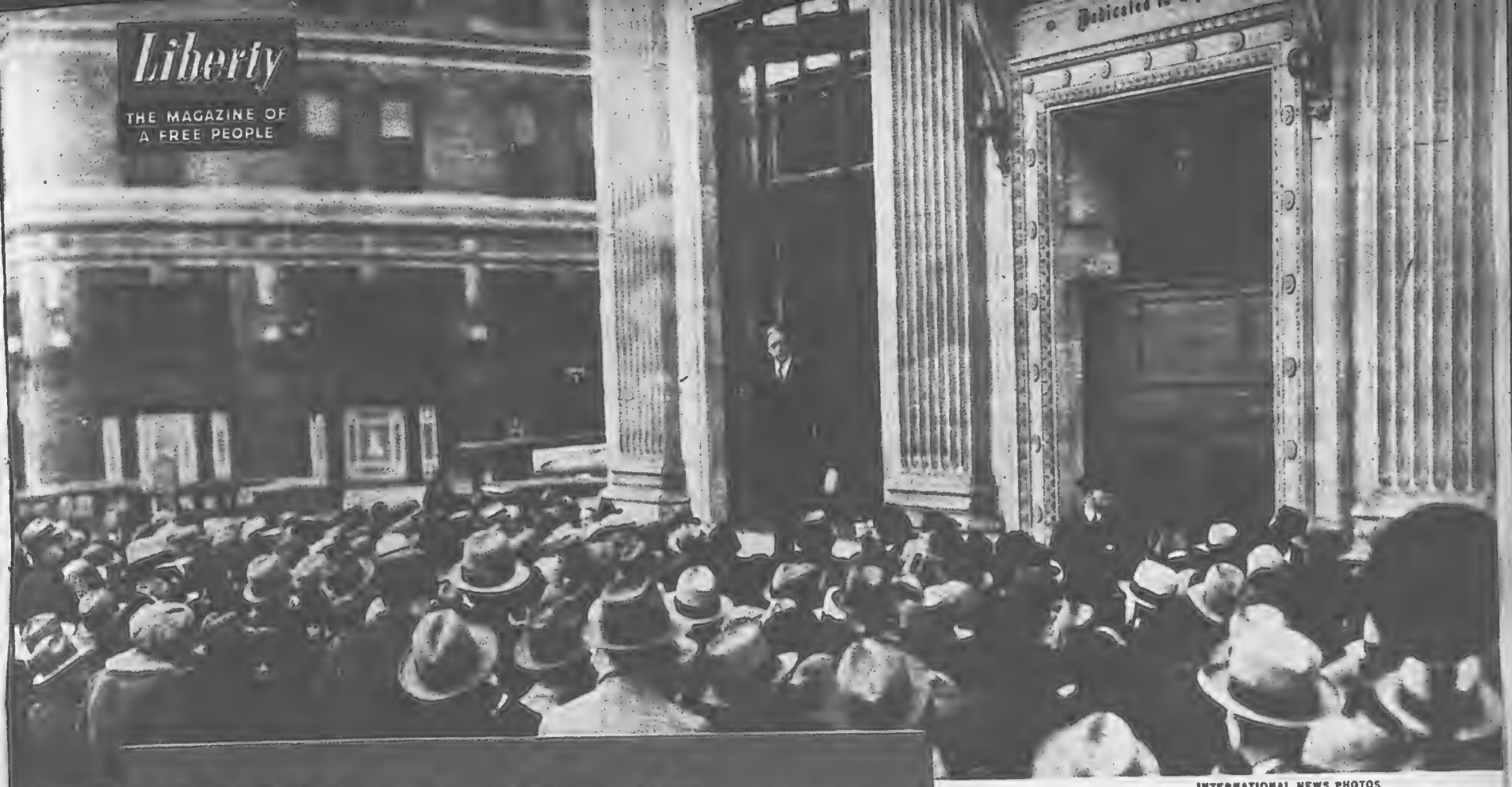
Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

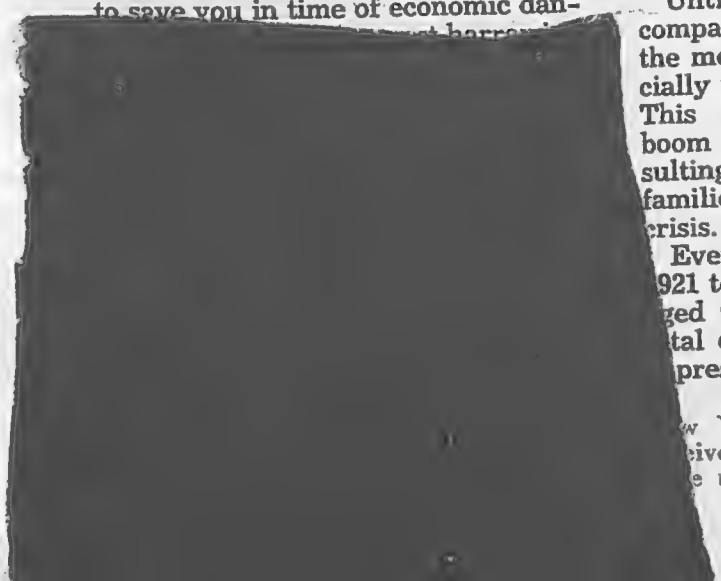
Scenes like this were common back in the '30s. Anxious depositors mill around in front of a Washington, D. C., bank after hearing a false rumor of its having failed.

Will It Be Boom and Bust Again?

What will happen to you and your family if another depression comes? Probably nothing like what happened last time. Here's why

BY GUNTHER STEIN

WHEN you read these days about the danger of another business cycle of boom and bust, remember that since the great depression strong safeguards against social disaster have been anchored in our economic system. Their value to you and your family is greater than you may realize. They promise to save you in time of economic dan-



tem, carry that insurance compulsorily. The other half are voluntarily paying the one-twelfth-of-one-percent premium on your deposits.

But the FDIC is only part of the protection the Banking Act of 1933 has given the customers of all insured and noninsured banks, and the American economy as a whole.

Until the crash, banks had been comparatively free to speculate with the money of their depositors, especially through affiliated corporations. This aggravated the inflationary boom of the '20s, deepened the resulting depression, and cost many families their savings in the banking crisis.

Even in the golden years from 921 to 1929, bank failures had averged 635 a year, involving average tal deposits of $180,000,000. In the pression years before the intro-

w York's homeless and unemployed eive their dole. Such harrowing scenes e nation-wide during the depression.

duction of the Banking Act, an average of 2,276 banks with a total of $1,715,000,000 deposits were closed every year.

This cannot happen again on such a terrifying scale. The investment activities of all banks are now strictly limited by the Federal Reserve Board. All their business practices have to conform to safe rules.

The effect of the Banking Act is evident. Even from 1934 to 1939, while the economic crisis continued, bank failures averaged only 49, with

(*Continued on page 74*)

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

The Undying

Gratitude of Bigfoot Foster

Arvilla was not the kind of girl to be left in the clutches of wolves. Bigfoot, the chump, would always protect her

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

BIGFOOT FOSTER got his reputation early. He had spent three years in the first grade and three years in the second grade, and he was a sight to behold in the third grade because he was already full grown, people said. Time proved them wrong in that, but he was plenty big even then. So Miss Petty, his teacher, promoted him to the fourth grade the next spring. Now, Bigfoot Foster knew he wasn't ready for any promotion. But he was proud and he was grateful. So he didn't go back to school the next fall. He couldn't bear to reflect on Miss Petty's judgment.

Bigfoot grew up to something seldom seen, even in the California hills. The draft board turned him down at first because of his size, but as the quota tightened, he passed.

When he came home on furlough the sleeves of his blouse lacked inches of covering the knobs on his wrists, the tails of his shirt collar ended under his ears, his pants just met the tops of his socks, and he'd cut the toes off his shoes—15½ EEEE, the biggest the army stocked—because they pinched his feet. His supply sergeant had ordered a pair special-built which he hoped he'd get before he went overseas.

Six other boys happened to be home on furlough, so folks called the regular monthly shindig at the schoolhouse a send-off and tacked flags to the rafters and brought the barrel of hard cider inside for one and all, instead of ditching it out back in the shed. It was a night. Two of the boys in uniform got engaged before the shindig was over, one got married that night, one was already engaged, and two were married. That left Bigfoot Foster, who stood forlornly with the stags around the oil burner. He was hands down the most bashful man in Santa Cruz County.

Like any bashful man who never has to compromise with reality, his eyes followed the prettiest girl in the place with dreamy devotion. Now, Arvilla Eggersholt was something to look at. Bigfoot looked quickly at his feet whenever she looked his way, but she knew he was watching and maybe it touched her. Anyhow, he was going overseas and he wasn't having a good time. So along about midnight she came over and said, "Aldwyn, why aren't you dancing? Come on, it's easy. Let's try, anyhow."

The lights could have been turned off and Bigfoot's face used for illumination, it was that red as he plodded about the floor trying not to trample Arvilla to death.

"Have you got a girl to write to, Aldwyn?"

Bigfoot's face became even redder, and Arvilla said quickly, "Would you like to write to me? I'll answer every letter."

"Would you?" he gulped. "Would you?"

THAT was how Arvilla Eggersholt became responsible for one man having practically the highest morale of any buck-private in the Army of the United States. Bigfoot had sense enough to know it couldn't lead to anything—he was a realist. But that she would write to him and send pictures that made him the envy of the entire company—well, he was grateful to the bottom of his heart.

Arvilla's father, Fred Eggersholt, had had bad spells for fifteen years and he finally died. Her mother didn't want to move off the place until Arvilla got married, for if Arvilla married a farmer, the Eggersholt place was hard to beat. It was in a valley clearing with a good redwood house, twenty acres of grapes and thirty of orchard. Eighty acres were of virgin redwood forest untouched by saw or ax and worth a fortune. A girl couldn't start in to take care of a place like that, and with the manpower shortage you couldn't hire anybody. The farmers generally traded work around, but you couldn't trade with a girl. But you never saw so many young bucks with time on their hands in the busy season. Young bucks with tractors and disk harrows and spray rigs and pruning shears. Mrs. Eggersholt, however, was of firm character. She'd pay prevailing wages for any work done or it wouldn't be done.

This cooled the young bucks off, for no young buck wants to be put in the class of a hired man. So the weeds grew high and the wild blackberries ran through the vineyard and orchard. The following spring the weeds weren't so high but the blackberries were better. A shame to let a good place run down, people said.

The young bucks worked out a schedule so that each could court Arvilla one evening every two weeks or so. The trouble was that Arvilla seemed just as happy to see one as another. The older folks figured she must be stuck on somebody else, maybe somebody overseas, though the mail carrier, Alf Friend, said she never got any mail from overseas except from Bigfoot. People couldn't figure it out. Here she was getting along twenty-two, going on twenty-three, and not even stuck on anybody.

When Bigfoot came home he'd learned army ways and his battle jacket came almost down to the knobs on his wrist and didn't show much of a gap at the waist. His pants were stuck into a pair of gigantic German boots of which he was very proud. He sized the situation up in a hurry. The first young buck who asked Arvilla for a dance at the next shindig learned the new order. Bigfoot strode across the floor, tapped him on the shoulder (it was Chet Hawkins), and said, "That's all, brother. Come on outside."

OUTSIDE, Bigfoot said, "When you want to dance with Arvilla, you ask me first. Maybe I'll say yes and maybe I'll say no."

"Who dealt you a hand?"

"I'm just telling you, Mac."

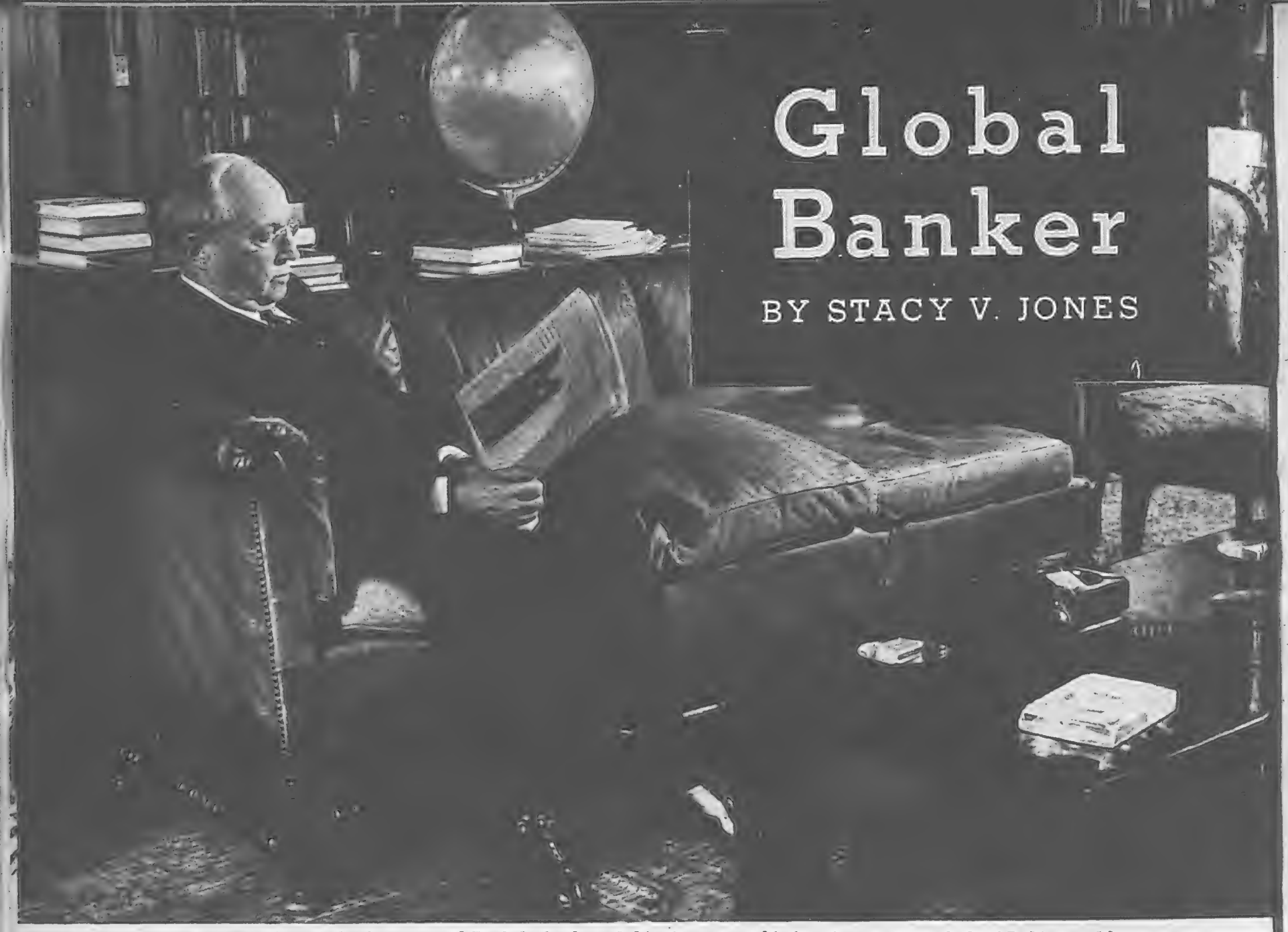
Chet Hawkins was a husky young buck, crowding six feet, and he'd been overseas himself. He up and landed one on Bigfoot's nose, another one in Bigfoot's belly, and then cocked his right and put his shoulder behind it to the point of the jaw.

Bigfoot blinked. That any human should be foolish enough to attack him was beyond comprehension. He brushed Chet aside the way you'd part a curtain, sending Chet spinning ten yards to crash into the shed, and began unbuttoning his battle jacket. As Chet came back, he shoved him casually through the grape-stake fence, then took off the jacket. By the time Bigfoot was ready to fight, Chet Hawkins had had enough.

Arvilla was furious when she found out about the new order. She took Bigfoot outside and tore into him. Bigfoot just grinned.

(*Continued on page 61*)

"Stand and fight!" Bigfoot shouted. "I'm fighting my own way, Mac," Eric said with an infuriating grin.



Global Banker

BY STACY V. JONES

The first president of the International Bank looks through his pince-nez at his favorite newspaper in his Washington library.

At seventy-one, publisher Eugene Meyer has the job of lending the money that will rebuild the world

WITH his pince-nez at a confident angle, seventy-one-year-old Eugene Meyer has set out to tackle a new job. It's a job from which several younger men have shied away. And well they might, for it consists of running the seven-and-a-half-billion-dollar World Bank, which is to finance restoration of the world's industrial and food production.

This is not the first time a President has called on Meyer to do a big job of hard work. He ran the War Finance Corporation for Presidents Wilson and Harding. Coolidge called him in to reorganize the Federal Farm Loan system. Under Hoover he headed the Federal Reserve Board and later the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which carried over into Roosevelt's administration.

When Truman phoned him last summer to ask him if he would accept the presidency of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, Meyer took counsel for an evening with his family and assoociates. Then he had his doctor look him over, said he would accept, and did so.

Although fully half of his seventy-one years have been spent in public and private banking, most people around Washington think of Meyer as a publisher. Thirteen years ago he picked up the feeble Washington Post and nursed it to robust health. He bought it at auction for $825,000. Five years before, he had vainly offered $5,000,000 for it

The jump from banking to publishing, at fifty-seven, was a long one. All of Meyer's contacts with journalists had been at the press-conference and dinner-table level. He found writers a different breed of cat from bankers. In the office they didn't like coats or ties, even in winter. And they clung defiantly to their ideas.

When the Newspaper Guild appeared on the horizon, Meyer addressed his employees at a meeting, but the speech was not altogther a success. As an old Post man remembers, it went something like this:

"We must all make sacrifices while the Post is getting on its feet. I myself used to make a trip to Europe every year, but I haven't been able to get abroad now for two years. And I used to have one of the best collections in the world of French primitives, but I haven't been able to add a single one since I bought the Post."

Some of his listeners had to inquire, when they got back to their desks, what French primitives were. When they found that the boss's sacrifice lay in not buying more French paintings, they voted for the Guild.

Meyer always respected his editorial writers' integrity. Sometimes he gave them so much rope that it got looped around him.

His most violent encounter was with Jesse Jones in 1942. The Post one morning threw charges of "poor sportsmanship" and "boundless ambition" at the tall Secretary of Commerce. On that day Meyer returned from a trip to California and encountered Jones innocently enough at a dinner of the Alfalfa Club. Meyer carries his five-feet-eight

well, but Jones, who has much the longer reach, grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him. Meyer made several swings at the Texan's jaw, but was quite unable to land the one-two punch that James J. Corbett had taught him as a boy in San Francisco. Someone played The Star Spangled Banner and the battle was over. But Jones has a long memory. Amid general editorial praise of Meyer's selection as president of the World Bank, only one sour note was struck. That, curiously enough, was in the Houston Chronicle, owned by Jesse Jones. It was entitled A Very Bad Selection.

UNDER Meyer, the Post tripled its circulation, and it is making money. Although it hasn't yet achieved the status of a national newspaper, it's the paper that congressmen prop up before them as they sip their morning coffee. And its influential editorial page leads the world by that capital barometer, the number of quotations in the Congressional Record.

When he rededicated himself to public service last summer, Meyer took his name from the Post's masthead and replaced it with that of Philip L. Graham as publisher. Graham, former secretary to two Supreme Court justices, is a keen young lawyer. Although the husband of one of Meyer's four attractive daughters, he is, as an associate said, no professional son-in-law. The arrangement has overcome Meyer's disappointment at the preference of his only son, Eugene III, for medicine over journalism. Ownership of the Post remains with Meyer and his wife. As Agnes Ernst, she was a reporter on the New York Sun before her marriage. In recent years Mrs. Meyer has turned her talents toward articles for the Post on social conditions.

Meyer is at home in more ways than one with his younger generation, who are frequently at his Washington castle. Six grandchildren are softening the brusqueness of the old warrior. He is mildly surprised if anybody refers to his style of living as baronial. Having been born with a spoon of pure California gold in his mouth, he does not regard his French chateau and 200 acres in Westchester County or his Washington mansion as unusual. He also has a modernistic "cabin" on the Potomac, and at one time there were an apartment in New York and a ranch in Wyoming.

The fortune was founded by Eugene Meyer, Sr. A member of a French-speaking Jewish family in Alsace-Lorraine, he migrated to California in 1859 as a lad of sixteen. He opened a general store in Los Angeles, and as his iron safe was a convenient repository for the miners' pokes, he became a banker.

The present Eugene was born in Los Angeles. In his boyhood the family moved to San Francisco. Eugene had been a year at the University of California when the family moved to New York. After transferring to Yale, which gave him an A.B. in 1895, the young man went into Wall Street through the family entrance.

In 1901 he formed Eugene Meyer, Jr., & Co.

Sixteen years were enough to give him a stock pile of dollars and the chance for public service that he had always wanted, so he took his banking experience and immense energy and zeal to Washington. He was only forty-one, and would have liked active service in World War I, but he was color blind, so he gravitated to financial posts. Those were the days when, if you called a man an international banker it was wise of you to smile.

Meyer developed outstanding skill with Congressional committees. It seems to have been due to a nice combination of persuasion, reticence, and well-timed belligerence. Diplomacy was a help, too, with his five Presidential bosses, Republican and Democratic. Once, on a Western trip, he stopped off at Brule, Wisconsin, to go fishing with Coolidge. The President fitted him out with a rod and reel and stuck a couple of extra flies in his hat. The President caught thirteen, and Meyer held his own score to eleven. The next day Meyer made his adieu. "By the way," said the President, "what did you do with the two flies that I put in your hat?" Fortunately Meyer had returned them carefully to the fly book.

AS governor of the Federal Reserve Board, Meyer stayed on for a while under Roosevelt. Some of the New Deal practices irked him. He sent three letters to Roosevelt asking to be relieved. According to an apocryphal anecdote of the time, he was accosted by a new guard as he returned to the Federal Reserve offices one day from lunch. The guard asked whether he worked there. "I don't know," said Meyer, "Have you heard anything?"

The World Bank is possibly Meyer's biggest job. The bank's seven and a half billion sounds like a lot of money, but it's small as against the war's devastation. The loans, which can be made to the thirty-eight member countries, their subdivisions, or enterprises within them, must be placed where they'll stretch the furthest.

The job of deciding who gets how much rests with the dozen executive directors of the bank. The United States, which is putting up 41 per cent of the funds, has 37 per cent of the votes, to be cast by Emilio G. Collado, the American executive director, or John S. Hooker, his alternate. Meyer makes the thirteenth at directors' meetings and has no vote except to break a tie. So far as his job goes, he is stateless, and under the bank's articles owes his duty "to the bank and to no other authority."

You can call him an international banker now, and you don't have to smile.

THE END

Eugene Meyer, in a genial mood, gives his views at a conference on world fiscal affairs. He is at home in the committee room, especially in the give-and-take of Congressional hearings.

Beware of the Dog Gyps!

These youngsters will get their money's worth in these cocker spaniels, but some dealers will even palm off a fox for a dog.

How *not* to get stuck by the fly-by-night dog dealers who will try anything for a quick sale

BY HARMON and ELSIE TUPPER

WITH dogs in greater demand than ever before, America's $2,000,000-a-year pooch industry is as jammed with sharpers as an old-time gambling hell. Arthur Frederick Jones, editor of the dog world's most influential monthly, the American Kennel Gazette, pulls no punches when warning against them.

"'Anything for a quick sale' is their motto," he says indignantly. "And by 'anything' I mean *everything*, from misrepresentation right up the line to forgery and theft."

Too often dogs are bought purely on impulse. A surprise gift can be a surprise indeed, as one unwary ex-G.I. recently found out. Meaning to please a girl friend, he bought a cute fluffy pup from a stranger. To him it looked like a dog all right, but it actually was a red fox!

Obviously, your choice of a dog depends on your circumstances. If you live in the country, you'll no doubt want a watchdog. Good varieties are the German shepherd, Doberman, or boxer among the large-size breeds. But fairly big dogs like these should be passed up if you're an apartment dweller. Thick-furred dogs like the Samoyed or spitz actually prefer to sleep outdoors where there is plenty of snow to curl up in. If you live in a warm climate, avoid long-haired breeds such as the cocker, Pekingese, etc., for heat punishes them and may cause eczema, which can soon make your precious pet look like a skinned rabbit. Since practically all dogs shed their hair twice a year, it's also wise to keep your furniture in mind when considering well-furred dogs.

Jones is frank to admit that nowadays it's publicity that sets popularity records. Believe it or not, the cocker spaniel is top of the heap largely because thousands of people saw or read about Flush when Katharine Cornell toured in The Barretts of Wimpole Street. The Scotty skyrocketed to fame because of artist Morgan Dennis' drawings for Socony ads, with the Roosevelt Fala further developing the trend. The collie can thank the Lassie movies.

Jones warns that when there's big demand for a particular breed, that breed deteriorates. Careful mating to correct lineage faults is dispensed with in the rush for quantity production. Also, dealers are quick to capitalize when individual dogs get nation-wide publicity. If Lassie or Fala, to say nothing of General Eisenhower's Scotty Telek, were to see all their so-called relatives and descendants, they'd crawl into a corner and hide.

Some of the dog cheats will give you the pedigree—neatly faked—to prove their claims. This racket isn't hard to beat, however. Practically every thoroughbred is registered with a dog fanciers' organization, so you can check with the place of registry before purchasing. Though a pedigree isn't an essential when buying a dog, it's your only real proof that the animal is thoroughbred, and you're charged accordingly—50 per cent to 100 per cent above the price of a similar animal without papers.

Breeding farms are usually the best places to purchase a reliable pet, Jones believes. But some of these are not above deceits. "There have been plenty of cases," he says, "of what we call 'doctoring.' Coats will be dyed here and there to make good markings and blemishes will be disguised with chalk. Some owners use strips of cellophane to keep the ears of German shepherds perked up, while others stick chewing gum on the eartips of collies to make them fall over prettily. And recently a man I know was on the verge of paying a stiff price for a Scotty when he discovered that the owners had tried to hide dog-fight scars by pasting on bits of black fur from a woman's cast-off coat!"

Worst offenders against the average purchaser are fly-by-night roadside kennels that specialize in pups which, when young, don't reveal mixed blood. Delighted to get what they think is a real terrier at half the usual price, buyers proudly take him home to a small apartment. Months pass, and the terrier doesn't stop growing. At last, when he's the size of a small pony, they are forced to get rid of him. They're minus their money and their pet. Urban residents should pick out a pup they *know* will be small- or medium-size when of age.

In the city, Jones warns, avoid dirty shops, for they're breeding spots for canine diseases. And don't take any clerk's word that a pup has been wormed or inoculated against distemper. Have the pooch examined by a veterinarian. A vet can soon determine if a dog has been properly wormed, and as for inoculation, dealers on the level will give you a certificate signed by a vet.

If you don't care to pay money for a dog, Arthur Jones suggests a visit to the S.P.C.A. or other shelters. Many homeless animals may not be much on looks, but, Jones maintains, some will reward your kindness with a devotion and intelligence unmatched by costly blue bloods. However, if you buy a dog, he emphasizes that you can get a good one for the same price that you would pay for a lemon—if you take these few precautions.

THE END

High-flying High

BY VIOLET EATON PUTNAM

Thanks to an ex-ferry pilot, Anahuac, Texas, was first to teach its high-school kids to fly

FORT WORTH STAR TELEGRAM PHOTO

Students from Anahuac High, first U. S. school to teach flying, get a few pointers from World War II fighter pilot Don Gentile.

ONLY one public high school in the United States offers its students actual in-the-air training in its own plane. That high school is in Anahuac, one of the smallest, most isolated towns in Texas. In the past two years Anahuac has become the most air-minded small community on the map.

It started when Paul M. Alexander became an *ex*-Ferry Command pilot of the army air-training school in Stamford, Texas. During the years he taught eager young cadets, he got to thinking about an accredited aviation course for high schools. He worked up plans, and he wrote scores of schools—without getting a single favorable reply. So he prepared to return to his civilian job as geophysicist for an oil company.

The exploration crew he was assigned to was stationed in Anahuac, on the shore of Galveston Bay. Alexander looked it over and liked what he saw. It's a rich country of vast rice fields and cattle ranches, of bays and inlets. Houston, the nearest city, is two hours and a half away by fast driving—or just twenty minutes by plane.

Alexander also observed that Anahuac's consolidated school was large and efficient. Thus it was a happy coincidence when he found himself waiting in line for mail at the post office alongside of Superintendent R. F. Riley. The conversation inevitably turned to aviation.

"He was almost as enthusiastic as I was," says Alexander. "He offered to put the matter up before the school board immediately, and they agreed to let me go ahead."

The CAA refused to designate an airport for the town unless it was to be used by the general public. The school could own an air strip but could not allow the public to use it. Alexander got around that by purchasing and leasing sixty-five acres near the school grounds. The school board pays for the students' use of the airport.

Faced by shortages of material and labor, the students pitched in, salvaged lumber, and built their own air strip and two-plane hangar. The new airport was proudly christened SKYHARBOR.

The Piper Cub plane ordered by the school board was not delivered until the last month of the school term, so the five hours of dual flying time allotted to each student came as a grand climax to the year's class work. Since regulations prohibit use of the school plane for student solo flights, another Piper Cub, owned by Alexander, is used for this purpose, apart from the school course.

Fourteen students completed the course the first year, and although forty-seven tried to enroll the second year, just twenty-seven were permitted to take the course.

A Piper Supercruiser has since been added to the small fleet at the airport. This is a three-place cabin plane which Alexander uses as an air taxi from Anahuac to Galveston, Beaumont, and Houston.

"I learned to fly when I was thirteen by doing parachute jumps at county fairs in exchange for flying lessons," he says, "and from that time to this I've been preaching the gospel of the airways. My favorite theme is safety, and that the best time to teach young people to fly properly is just before they are old enough to qualify for a pilot's license. There's plenty of time then to instill the groundwork thoroughly. People who merely learn to pilot a plane without learning all the fundamentals are piloting suicide planes."

The school has purchased from the War Assets Administration two planes for the students to tear down and put together again as part of their training. Each cost just $100. To these will soon be added a $200 Curtis Commando (C-46) for demonstration and technical training.

"The students spend from a month to six weeks on ground training," explains Alexander. "Meteorology and navigation are covered just as thoroughly as I can possibly teach the subjects." The students so far have made better than average grades in their regular scholastic subjects also, for they know they will be grounded if they fail in any other subject.

After school hours Alexander is airport manager. Here are a few of the ideas with which he has promoted a flourishing business:

A rice field is divided into large sections surrounded by low walls of earth levees. If a broken levee lets the flooded field drain unseasonably, the crop is ruined; and the job of patrolling the levees on foot in hip boots or on horseback is tremendous. Alexander now has a list of regular "clients" and covers several dozen farms in a day.

He thought the oil-pipe-line "walkers" needed a similar lift. "The joke was on me that time, though," he admits. "The manager liked the idea so well that the company bought a plane and hired their own pilot."

Sometimes birds consume a rice crop before it can be harvested. But now the farmer calls Skyharbor and flies over his fields once with a shotgun. The birds leave promptly. Also, cattlemen call for help to locate strayed animals, and fishermen to find boats that have broken their moorings and drifted.

Because of his work with the high-school students, the state Department of Education asked Alexander to write the Airport Laboratory Plan, to which they give wide circulation in their bulletin entitled Aviation in Texas Public Schools.

Another observer who has carried away copious notes was E. C. Dodd, educational consultant of the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Austin.

"In a few more years," predicts Alexander, "nearly all high schools will have classes like ours."

THE END

HOMES FOR AMERICANS

A new-style house that won't lose friends and alienate people

The Bain house in Seattle is traditional from the front—native stone, painted siding, small-paned windows, and steep roof.

Modern in an Old Neighborhood

BY DARRELL HUFF

But the rear's enormous modern windows and severe styling mark a sharp break with conventional architecture.

THE "traditional versus modern" argument is still going on, even among people who are convinced of the advantages of modern arrangement, open planning, and enormous windows.

There are neighborhoods in which a modern house may look out of place. There are whole towns, especially in New England, in which the architecture is consistently colonial. Some of the most desirable sites are in built-up neighborhoods where a newcomer may wish to conform to established styles.

This can happen even on the West Coast, as in the case of the house shown on these pages. It was designed for his own family by William J. Bain, architect in Seattle, Washington.

The problem was to give his family the benefits of a modern house, but without shock to the neighbors. As Mr. Bain puts it, "This house was designed with rough-texture materials in order to make a new and modern home conform with and fit into an older neighborhood."

Another view of the front, accenting the dormer window.

How well he succeeded can be seen by the pictures. To the street, the house presents a conventional appearance, with its rough stone, clapboard, shutters, traditional small-paned windows. But all major rooms really face toward the back, where giant windows look out upon the most magnificent view without detracting from the traditional character of the house.

The view, incidentally, is worth talking about, especialy since it properly determined much of the design

of the house. "The view to the rear is outstanding," Mr. Bain says, conservatively. "In the foreground are Lake Union and the lights of the city. In the distance you can see the harbor backed up against the towering white-capped Olympic Mountains which lie between Seattle and the Pacific."

Now that glass is made as easily in big sheets as in small panes, it is becoming a high architectural crime not to open up a house to any view it may have. And any house can have a view worth bringing in, even if the view is no more than a tiny enclosed yard with a few flowers and a hedge for privacy.

Once the traditional-modern character of the house is set, there are infinite possibilities for variation inside. In the Bain house, interiors have been designed to merge the dual outside styling. They have the simplicity of modern, with large expanses of plain carpeting; but the wood in the living areas is traditional in detailing and the furniture is traditional, too.

A house like this could equally well be furnished in modern style or in period pieces. Your old furniture could fit in perfectly.

For all the traditional façade, this house admits no compromise in its mechanical equipment. The U-shaped kitchen is arranged to make work easy by eliminating extra steps and minimizing cleaning. There are an electric dishwasher, an incinerator, and a ventilating fan.

The rear window—wall-to-wall and almost floor-to-ceiling—opens the living room to the magnificent view of the harbor and Olympic Mountains.

The opposite end of the living room is in keeping with the conservative character of a dormer window.

PHOTOS BY RICHARD GARRISON

In the well-lighted kitchen there is no lack of modern equipment.

Such a fan, by the way, although rare in the past, promises to be standard equipment in all truly postwar kitchens. By pulling air out of the kitchen, it helps to ventilate other rooms and guarantees that cooking odors will not be diffused through the house.

Walls and ceilings are insulated with rock wool. Floors are oak. The living room is paneled in Alaska cedar, the recreation room in knotty cedar, the den in pine. Garage doors are paneled in traditional style, but they operate electrically.

Natural local materials were used on the outside to ensure the character that matches the neighborhood. The roof is hand-split one-inch cedar shakes. The siding derives its feeling of solid importance from the fact that it is hand-split cedar, twelve inches wide and fourteen feet long. The stone of the house is local sandstone, and the same material is used in sawn form for walks and terraces.

Although this is quite a large house—including three bedrooms, den, and maid's room—its cost at prewar rates was only $10,000.

The importance of this house to prospective home builders lies in the way the owner's desires have been adapted to local conditions. The problem is especially acute where new building must conform to whatever style has already been established. This house shows a way in which restrictions can be met without seriously cramping the result.

It should be noted, however, that most neighborhoods are built up in a conglomeration of styles. When this is true, the new builder can build as he pleases—all-out modern, or a sound compromise like this one.

THE END

Mother loved Dad. Yet she was always leaving him. It was mystifying to a small boy until Mother told him why that was

THE ONLY WAY

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY DUANE DECKER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

I FINISHED packing my things—the ship pictures and pennants, the blue thermometer, the Dave Dawson books, the American flag, and the cap pistols. After I packed them, my room looked bare and lonesome, just like the chilly fall day outside—the end of things.

I went downstairs. My mother was there, packing a suitcase full of my clothes. She was in a hurry—afraid we'd miss that noon train.

She looked up. "Bill, please take these suitcases out to the car."

"I want to see Dad," I said, "to say good-by."

"Oh—of course!" she said.

I hurried outside, down to the lake shore where my father was casting a plug past the patch of lily pads where he said pickerel came to hunt minnows and frogs.

It was a brand-new plug, one he'd brought with him when he'd come back early in the week from his last selling trip. And it had really been his *last* trip—I'd heard him say that to my mother. That was what started the trouble. That was why my mother and I were catching the noon train to my grandmother's, to live—leaving my father behind.

It was the third time my mother had taken me and left my father. Every time after he'd lost his job, too. Those other times, after my father got a job again, he'd come for us and she'd go back with him. But this time I had a feeling she'd done it once too often. This time I'd never see him again.

He turned his head and glanced at me as he reeled the plug in. "Hi, Bill," he said. "All packed, son?"

"Guess so, Dad," I said. I knew I was scowling, but I couldn't help it. I sat down to watch him cast again.

"You going to stay here alone now, Dad?" I asked.

He didn't answer right away. He sat down on the ground beside me and I edged toward him just a bit. Then he put his hand on my knee and said, in a quiet voice, "I'm going to stay here a while, son. Probably till deer season. After that I'll get a job somewhere, because there'll be some money needed. For you. And your mother, of course."

There were a lot of things I wanted to tell him, to ask him—and the time was getting awfully short now. But I could only swallow and that just made a lot of noise.

"Will you try to get a job, I mean *after* deer season," I asked, "near where—where we are? Near grandma's?"

"I doubt it, Bill," he said. "Not very near. Unless, of course, things—well—change a lot."

"You don't need to get a job on account of me," I said. "It's too late for me to start seventh grade this year anyway, so I'll probably be making plenty of money."

He turned toward me quickly. "No work for you yet, Bill—you're going to start the seventh grade next week. It's only the middle of September, so you're just a week or so late. And you're smart. You can catch up."

I DIDN'T answer. I'd heard my mother's sharp words to him about that, a few days before. She'd said, "If you're so keen on having him start the seventh grade this fall, then I think you ought to be willing to get a job instead of just hanging around here until deer season."

My father had been angry when he answered, "You and I always did have a different sense of values. That's been the big trouble. Look at it sensibly, Ruth. We own this place, and with the two stoves and the fireplace, we can live here comfortably and cheaply. Bill can go to that village school. It will be all right for one year. With what's in the bank, me getting plenty of food hunting and fishing, why, we can live the *perfect* life! Most people *dream* of doing a stunt like this. And it's logical, with me out of a job."

"You're out of a job," she said, "because—as usual—you *wanted* to be out of a job."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, if you hadn't started taking four-day week-ends, loafing here, instead of staying on the road selling—"

"There are shortages today. You don't realize that. It's the perfect time for a salesman to take a sabbatical."

"You thought that two years ago. And two years before that."

"Things will be wide open by this time next year."

"And by this time next year, if you just loaf here, you won't be fit to hold a decent job. Anyway, I won't allow Bill to miss the advantages of a city school."

I looked at my father and said, "I don't think I'll like it with just the two of us."

"Only at first, son," he said. "After a while, you'll be busy and it will all seem natural enough."

Just then Jumbo, my black cat, walked toward us from the crackling tangle of the brush. Jumbo still had a cobweb strung across his nose, from hunting garter snakes. My father and I looked at his milky white nose and laughed out loud.

"I don't think I'll take Jumbo," I said. "He'd rather stay here with you."

"Let Jumbo decide," my father said. "When the time comes, he'll let us know what he wants to do."

"Dad," I said, "I don't want to go. I want to stay."

"No, Bill," he said, "you belong with your mother."

"But, Dad—"

"No, son. You'd make her terribly unhappy."

I didn't care. I'd gone with her twice. Now I wanted to stay with my father. If she wanted to leave again, she could leave. I stood up. "Something I forgot to pack," I told my father and walked back to the cottage.

SHE wasn't in the front room or the kitchen. I heard a board creak overhead and I started up the stairs slowly, thinking how I'd tell her. At the top, I saw her in their room, taking something yellow, like a letter, from one of my father's coat pockets. She unfolded it and stared at it. She seemed to be reading it over and over. I coughed and she turned, startled. "Oh—it's *you*, Bill!"

"I wanted to tell you something, Mother," I said.

"What is it?"

I swallowed once and then I blurted it: "I—I don't want to go to grandma's this time. I want to stay here with Dad—*this* time."

"*Why*, Bill?" she asked.

"Because I love him," I said. "And

"Will you try and get a job where we are, Dad?" I asked. "I doubt it, Bill," he said. "Unless things—well—change a lot."

when you love somebody, you don't want to always keep leaving him."

I guess that had a sting in it. She flushed. "Bill," she said softly—so softly I could just hear her, "I love your father too. Deeply. Very deeply."

"Then, why—"

"Look, Bill," she said. "Maybe you'd better read this."

She handed me the yellow sheet of paper. It was a telegram. From my father's firm, dated last week. It read: "Regret your resignation. Willing to grant you entire New England territory at increased salary. Wire immediately if okay."

I looked up, bewildered. "But, then, he wasn't *fired!*"

"Your father," she said proudly, "was never fired from a job in his life. He's the greatest salesman in the world, Bill."

"Did—did he quit those other jobs too?"

"Yes." She put her hands on my shoulders and looked at me. "Bill, I could never *really* leave your father. But I know him so well and love him so much, I have to do it when he gets like this. If I didn't, he'd stay in the woods and loaf. I know that if I take you and leave him, he'll get lonely for us both after a while and come for us—after he gets a new job. It's the only way I know, Bill, that we can make him amount to what he should."

"And he'll come for us again—this time?"

She smiled. "Of course, darling. Right after deer season."

I squeezed her hand. I went downstairs and outside. My father was still patting Jumbo, sitting by the shore in the sun. He looked up at me and smiled, and I said, "Dad, I'm ready to go. I—I just wanted to say something."

"What, son?"

"I love you, Dad," I said. Then, because my eyes were blurring, I turned and ran to the cottage. My mother was waiting beside the packed suitcases. Something brushed my legs as I closed the door. It was Jumbo. He sat down by the suitcases and looked up at me, and I saw then that Jumbo was ready to leave.

I reached down and patted his black head before taking the suitcases out to the car. I was sure, now, that my father would come around and get us at my grandmother's, right after deer season—my mother and Jumbo and me.

THE END

Let's Call Off the Olympics

BY IRVING WALLACE

THE twelfth modern Olympic Games are scheduled for 1948 in London. And we can calculate, to the last discolored eye and shredded scalp, exactly how this intended love feast, this effort to convert acrobatics into brotherhood, will deteriorate into a maelstrom of fist-swinging, name-calling, nose-thumbing, and savage hatred.

And while there is still time, one troubled onlooker wants to say, No more Olympics, please!

This does not imply that this onlooker is against love-thy-neighbor, good-fellowship, motherhood, and one world. But the Olympics, while intended to be as convivial as a Maypole dance, amount to the closest thing we have, in peacetime, to a State of Emergency.

Many thoughtful American sports fans must be tired of this experiment in sweetness and light. And the press of London, host city for 1948, seems to concur. The Games should be postponed for at least twenty-five years as a "cooling-off period," and after that, if Man has not taken his first step toward political Utopia, possibly they should be dropped altogether.

From that initial modern Olympic in Athens in 1896 until the last Olympic, staged by the late Herr Goebbels in Berlin during 1936, there has never occurred a single competition with promise of materializing the dream of "increasing friendly understanding among nations."

One of the first big brawls took place at the second of modern Olympics in Paris, 1900. In the Marathon the American entry staggered across the finish line in front, followed closely by a panting Greek. But the American was somewhat surprised to learn he had finished fifth. He was told that Teato, of France, had won and that three fellow French patriots, by coincidence, had come in on his heels in second, third, and fourth positions. The American was mystified until, observing the peaked hats worn by the French runners, he suddenly recalled having been passed on the roadside by a horse-drawn carriage in which he had seen four peaked hats peeping up along the window. The American, now supported by the Greek, presented his evidence: Teato and team had conveniently become Olympic champions by hitchhiking twenty miles in a carriage, then piling out near the finish to trot into the stadium, on foot, and across the line to immortality. This protest of the righteous, alas, fell on deaf ears. Already Paris was celebrating the mighty victory of its sons.

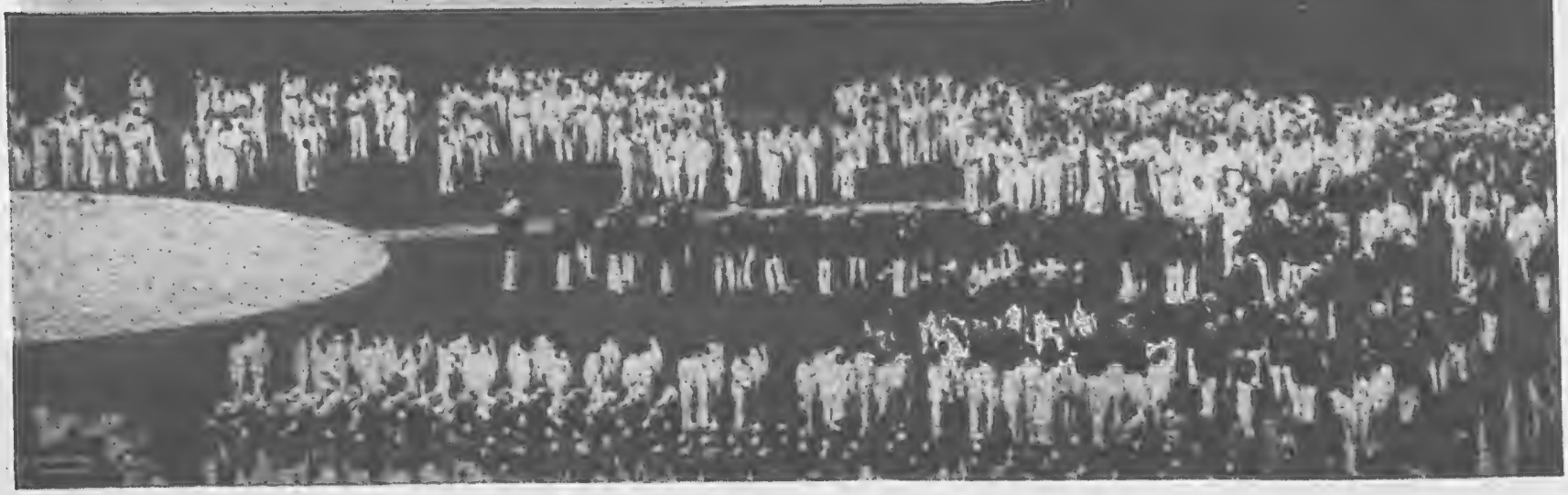
In 1908, when the Games were held in London to celebrate the Franco-British Exhibition, the fireworks were so great that popular sentiment everywhere demanded discontinuance of the Olympics. One of the major bouts of mud-slinging is still embalmed in the sports record books. It reads, prosaically, as follows:

Olympic 400 Meters
1908—W. Halswelle, G. B.—
(Walkover)—50 s

The rollicking story behind this cryptic line caused a minor riot at the London Games. There were three Americans in the 400-meter finals—John Taylor, W. C. Robbins,

(*Continued on page 58*)

Those temper-provoking games are just what our uneasy peace can do *without*, argues the author



Folks down in "The Yearling" country still double up at the recollection of California's movie-makers filming Florida wild life

"THEM HOLLYWOOD NUTS"

BY JOHN MALONEY

THIS year M-G-M invaded Marion County, Florida, for the second time, to film Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Pulitzer prize novel, The Yearling, on the very spots described in the book. The first attempt was made five years ago, when weather and temperaments called a halt on production after almost a million dollars had been spent. Then, as now, my native Florida friends—very discerning people—got a lot of belly laughs out of the antics of "them Hollywood nuts." There are a lot of animals in The Yearling, and the Californians just didn't act quite bright about 'em.

First of all, the Floridians were vastly amused by M-G-M's cow trouble. Jay Marchant, unit manager, combed the South for weeks looking for the brindle bossy that played such an important part in the life of Penny Baxter and his family in the novel. They located a likely-looking star way up in North Carolina, though all my friends insisted that any old Florida cow would have been just as good. They shot some $7,000 in Technicolor of this old bossy before she got entangled in a rope and broke her neck. Then, because they couldn't find a double, the six scenes had to be junked and redone.

The next imported cow couldn't overcome her marked dislike for motion pictures. By the time she had finished three scenes she was so fed up she jumped a rail fence and disappeared into the Big Scrub of Ocala National Forest. Reservation rangers to this day have not seen her or her tracks. The third cow lasted only through one shot. "Them cameras must 'a' got on her nerves," her former owner observed. At any rate, when Clarence Brown yelled, "Cut and print!" she took this as her cue to clear the set. Directors, carpenters, cameramen, and featured stars cleared fences they'd never have believed possible. The last seen of her, she also was headed for the Big Scrub, and no man present regretted her departure. They'd only wasted $3,000 on her, anyway.

My friends here can't understand the Californian fear of alligators, snakes, and wild life generally. To cap the climax, the Hollywood people arrived with mimeographed sheets of instructions on what to do about red bugs—just plain old-fashioned chiggers! Leonard Fiddia, who helped Mrs. Rawlings gather material for this novel and her earlier success, South Moon Under, summed it up: "What them fool folks art to do wud be ter let them critters git their fill. Then they'll stop bitin'." And since soap, DDT, and many other recommended potions failed to work anyway, Leonard's advice prevailed.

One of the things that flabbergasted the natives was director Clarence Brown feeding the yearling from a baby's milk bottle.

There's a bear fight in the novel that proved difficult to catch in color. Bears are very unpredictable animals, even those raised on bottles as the real Slewfoot of this picture was. With permission of the S.P.C.A., a slingshot was used to hurry Slewfoot through a chase scene: he wanted to stop and play with old Julie, chief bearhound in the picture. With cameras grinding expensive film away, Slewfoot was urged along with BBs until he was halfway across a shallow stream. Then he calmly sat down in the water, held up a paw as if asking for time out, and proceeded to turn his bottom to the lens while he picked the BBs out. During the showing of rushes of this scene, which unfortunately you won't see, Slewfoot brought down the house.

Bears are plenty smart. A toothless old Hollywood "prop" was

(*Continued on page 80*)

The New

A little Dresdener, taking her sister for an airing, is puzzled by Russian signposts.

JUST before the recent elections in the Soviet zone of Germany, several gags were going the rounds in Berlin. The following is typical, and indicates the average German's attitude:

Friends meeting on street: "Have you heard the terrible news? Soviet headquarters at Karlshorst are furious!"

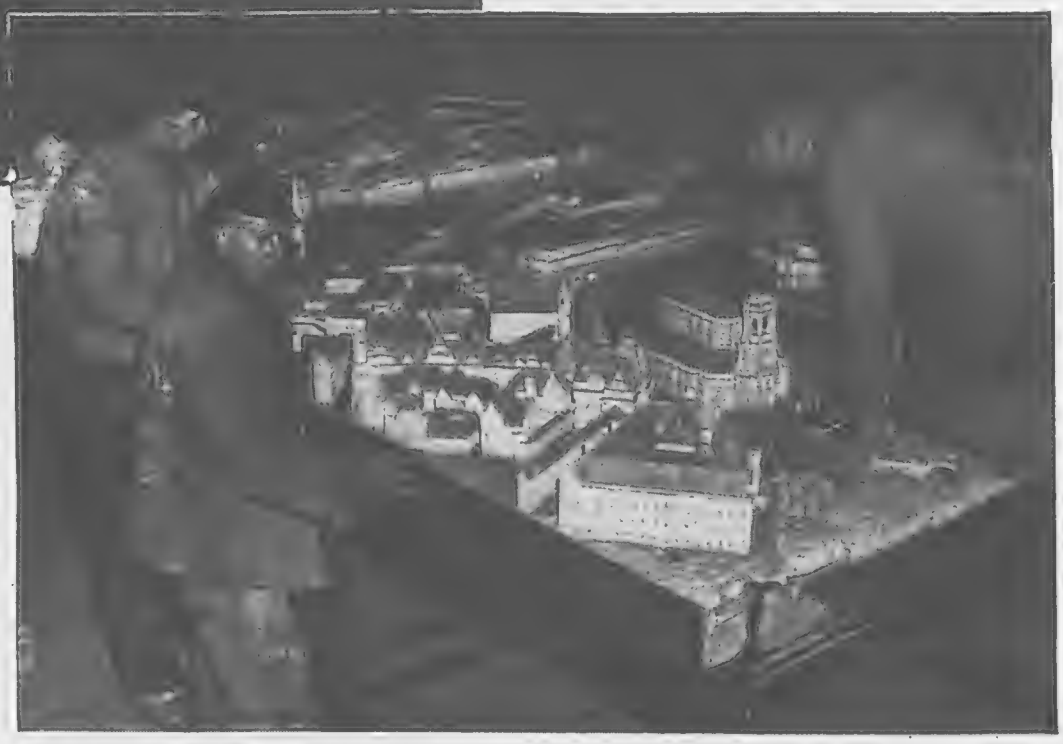
"No! Why?"

"Somebody stole the election results for the coming elections."

This attitude was the result of the tremendous pre-election pressure brought to bear in favor of the Soviet-sponsored S.E.D., or Unity Party. One of the most popular political propaganda devices, the rumor (which is allowed to leak out with the aid of a sledge hammer), whispered that if the S.E.D. lost, there would be hell to pay all around. Rations would be cut, the Red Army occupation forces strengthened, farm quotas of produce to be delivered to the Russians would be raised, and general vengeance wreaked upon the victorious opposition. On the other hand, S.E.D. Party leaders told people confidently that if the Unity Party won, Soviet authorities had promised to revise the eastern (Polish) boundary of Germany. Most Germans, especially those in the smaller communities and farming districts far behind the "iron curtain" in the Soviet zone, were pretty well convinced that the safe way out was to vote the way the occupation forces wanted them to, and let it go at that.

Now that the voting in the Soviet zone of Germany is over, it is gener-

It's Communism vs. Democracy in the Reich today, with only one side working at it and only one possible consequence, unless we wise up



KEYSTONE PHOTOS

A preview of Dresden, in the Russian zone, as it is expected to look twelve years from now.

Battle of Germany

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

ally agreed that the elections were conducted in a fair manner. The actual voting was unobserved and secrecy of the ballots guaranteed. Foreign correspondents were given the opportunity to go into the Soviet zone—ordinarily a highly restricted territory—and observe the elections as they took place on the first three Sundays in September. Moreover, the correspondents were permitted to go wherever they pleased without first announcing their exact destinations to the Russian authorities.

The election results varied, of course, in the different provinces of the Russian zone. But the final all-over results gave the Unity Party the lead. Under the circumstances, the Unity Party lead was considered surprisingly small. "The circumstances" included the fact that in many of the small communities there was no listing of Liberal or Christian Democratic candidates at all.

THIS practice of the Russians—invalidating the opposing candidates via any number of "technical grounds,"—became so prevalent that Jakob Kaiser, head of the Christian Democratic Union, threatened to dissolve his party in the Russian zone rather than go through with the unfair election. The bad publicity which would have resulted prompted the Russian authorities in Berlin to allow opposing political candidates to campaign more freely in the larger cities. However, the pressure in the country communities remained unchanged, and strongly hampered any possibility of equality for the opposing parties.

For months before the elections in Saxony, for example, three million copies of Communist newspapers came out daily, while the combined opposition was alloted only enough paper for a meager 150,000 copies. In the zone the distribution of food is almost entirely controlled by co-operatives, long since placed in "reliable" Communist hands by the Soviet authorities. With weapons as powerful as food and propaganda, along with the complete control of a territory under occupation, politics becomes very much like shooting fish in a barrel.

As the election time drew nearer, tension grew to the breaking point and all the old tricks were pulled out of the hat. The Russian authorities gave the Unity Party liquor to spread as favor rations, and candies to give the children, just before the elections began; also the first batch of P.O.W.'s was returned from Russia, and rations for the heavy workers and miners were suddenly increased. Newspapers of the Unity Party spread this news with banner headlines all over the zone, to which the American-licensed Tagesspiegel in Berlin laconically replied that the ration had better be raised again: it still wasn't as high as that received by heavy workers in the American zone.

One thing has been pretty well proven in the to-do before the elections and by the outcome of the elections. It is an important factor in viewing not only the German but the over-all European setup. And that is that Russia is very definitely aiming toward a one-party system.

We have only recently begun to realize the nature of the battle we are engaged in in Europe, have only recently come to full comprehension that Russia is fighting a very earnest political war, which she intends to win at any price, and no holds barred.

IN Europe, particularly in Germany and Austria, we are playing the role of fight manager rather than actual contestant. The men in the ring are the local democratic forces, statesmen and politicians, whose allegiances we have rallied in the past year and a half. They are fighting for a victory for democracy in Europe.

As their managers, we have stood by to hold the towel and sponge for them (unofficially, of course), and occasionally granted them a whispered word of encouragement. But not much more. We have given them no help, no protection. We have not even given them the paper with which to spread the ideals of democracy or to defend themselves against the below-the-belt attacks of the opposition. With the future of democracy in Europe hanging in the balance, we have rigidly adhered to an attitude of watered-down neutrality and disinterested objectivity. Only since Byrnes' speech have we shown any signs of adopting a decisive policy.

Politics in Germany affords a first-rate example of how the Russia-versus-democracy struggle is being enacted.

The Soviet creation of the "Unity

(*Continued on page 76*)

Major General Duaryev, Russian Governor of Saxony, pauses to give a well-considered answer to a question from U. S. correspondents.

SWORDS OF GRASS

"Should a girl be promiscuous?" Cara was asking her father. It was the wrong question—at that particular moment in his life

BY CHARLES BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

At the light tap on the study door, he abandoned with relief all pretense of interest in his pile of English Lit II themes. He looked at the clock. Nearly five. Three hours of daydreaming was a little alarming in so dignified an academician as Anthony Martin, assistant professor of English literature at Weston College. Resolutely he cast the thought of his dignity and his forty-three years out of his mind. Lilith—what splendid literary connotations her name held—said his whole *esprit de vie* was more youthful than that of most undergraduates. Moreover, he could still take on the captain of the tennis team for five sets.

"Come in."

Any interruption of his study hours was strictly against the rules, but he was in a mood to defy the rules. He had a right to be young again before he was old, to experience life to the full instead of reading its reflection in the pages of literature. Anthony Martin was on the brink of full revolt.

His daughter, Cara, floated in. Lemon-yellow hair of unbelievable fineness, wide blue eyes of purest wonder, complexion and features of Dresden-china delicacy combined to create an appearance of exquisite fragility which was highly deceptive. Cara Martin captained Weston's women's tennis team, and this June, before she was twenty, she would graduate at the head of her class.

Her father's inward protestations of his own youth seeped slowly from him. He felt very old.

Cara drifted across the room and sat on the arm of his chair. From babyhood, she had sat on the arm of his chair, and he had loved it. It had expressed a relationship which was affectionate, companionate, just the right father-daughter note. Now the position seemed distinctly a salute to his graying temples. He did not want his graying temples saluted.

"Dad, I have a problem."

All young people had problems, he reflected sagely, and they were really fun. They were part of the process of growing up. He had had young problems, even after he and Margaret had got married, and, looking back, they *had* been fun, especially solving them together. Wasn't it odd that a woman, as she grew older, should lose that careless sense of fun? They had no problems now, because Margaret anticipated them all and dealt with them competently in advance. She was very wise, experienced, and practical. Perhaps that was where part of Lilith's charm lay. You could see that she was deliciously impractical.

"You've always let me be frank with you, dad," Cara was saying. "I now want to be frank about my love life."

His heart sank; it wasn't the topic he would have chosen at the moment.

"I can't imagine any difficulties in that direction at your time of life and beauty," Anthony evaded.

"There are the conventions," Cara said lightly, but there was a worried crease in the center of her forehead. "And there's Jake Hunter. It all makes a perfect set-up."

ANTHONY knew Jacob Hunter. He was a tall, red-haired personable young instructor in chemistry, a former undergraduate of Weston and a former star athlete of considerable magnitude.

"What's the matter with Jake Hunter?"

"Nothing. I like him a lot. It's a perfect set-up for the new conventions."

For all the frankness, the camaraderie which had always existed between them, Cara seemed to be having a hard time expounding her problem.

"Do you mean—you're serious?"

She shook her head slowly and doubtfully. "It's not that. It's not that at all. Of course I'm fond of him. I might even grow to be very fond of him but— Dad, you're modern and you've got your eyes open; you must know what's going on."

"Since the dropping of the first atomic bomb, I've retired definitely into the eighteenth century. What is going on?"

CARA rushed her words. "I mean the love life of Young America. It has been flying around the maypole at a pretty frantic rate. Maypoles all over—in city streets, in elm-lined New England villages, in factory towns, on the lone prairies, on the Weston campus. And, I don't know whether or not to join the dance."

Wasn't he also hesitating to join the dance? In answer, he temporized.

"You mentioned the conventions," he said. "They're pretty reliable guides. They represent the crystallized wisdom of the ages in handling the fascinating but vexing question of sex. After all, man is something more than an animal, and he's determined to act like something more."

Cara leaned down and kissed his nose. "You darling. You *are* an old-fashioned innocent, aren't you? I wish more people were like you—and mother." Her expression was definitely wistful. "But, my pet, when I spoke of the *new* conventions, I meant that nowadays it is

(*Continued on page 67*)

Cara's delicacy created an appearance of exquisite fragility which was deceptive.

No Man Likes a Cold Woman

1

The Camera Eye

3

4

5

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

THE girls are all rooting for warm, cozy clothes this fall and winter. Nothing's smarter than heads wrapped in hoods or helmets; feet toasting in sheep-lined boots; bulky coats made for comfort. Rain brings out the new long-handled umbrellas and slick waterproofs. Every girl wants to look snug-as-a-bug because no man likes a cold woman!

2

6

7

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Photos by Emil Herman

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To quiet Detective Ballard's hunch—and his own conscience —Dr. Standish had to take an awful chance on this one

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

Post Mortem

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

WHEN Dr. Standish had duly sent a copy of his report to the district attorney, he thought he was through with the case of Max Pell, private detective, found slumped over his office desk with two bullets in his chest. Standish's autopsy confirmed the cause of death, and that, he thought, was that. And that was where he was wrong.

The following noon, Mary Hayward, his nurse, closed his office door firmly behind her and leaned against it. She brushed a wisp of medium blonde hair back from her young forehead and fixed narrowed green eyes upon him.

"Lieutenant Ballard is here," she said in a voice that relegated the lieutenant to the ranks of undesirable visitors. "I told him he'd have to wait."

Standish gave her a crooked grin. In the year that Mary had served him as nurse, secretary, and girl Friday she had made plain her disapproval of his work as medical examiner and she resented especially the demands Lieutenant Ballard made upon his time.

"He said it was about the Max Pell case," she said. "Shall I tell Mrs. Taylor to come in?"

"Mrs. Taylor?" Standish asked. "She had no appointment."

"She came before the lieutenant." Mary's smile was smug. "Also she is wealthy. And she has rich friends."

Standish sighed aloud, but Mary was gone, and so he smiled at Mrs. Taylor, who was a plump forty and very chic. But while he listened politely to a story he often heard from women who had too much money and too much leisure, he thought mostly about Lieutenant Ballard and Max Pell. Ballard, a solid-looking man in his late thirties with keen gray eyes, looked a little worried. He usually kidded Mary; but this time he made no reply when she pointedly reminded Standish that this was his afternoon for golf.

"What about Pell?" Standish asked when Ballard sat down. "I thought you'd have that one all wrapped up by now."

"Hah!" said Ballard with feeling. "I got one lousy lead, and I'm sort of afraid of that. I get it this morning when I go to Pell's bank to check on his finances and they tell me a deposit has come in by mail. It's postmarked six P.M. last night and is a check for four hundred and some dollars made out to Pell and signed by James Cooper."

Standish sat up slowly, dark eyes thoughtful as he considered a name synonymous with the growth and prosperity of the city. "The West Side Cooper?" he said, knowing now why Ballard looked worried. "Did you ask him about the check?"

"I went out there."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say. He's dead. Died between eight and ten this morning, the doc says, from spontaneous cerebral hemorrhage."

"What doctor?"

"Lanning. A young guy. About your age."

Standish had heard of Lanning. He knew also that James Cooper was close to seventy, had nearly died a few months back from a stroke or heart attack—he could not remember which—and was considered a semi-invalid whose death at any time was to be expected.

"Was Lanning with him when he died?"

"No." Ballard shook his head. "But he's been attending the old man for months. There were two grandsons," he added slowly, as though this were important. "One's still in Germany with the occupation forces; the other was lost in the Pacific and his widow, Louise, has been living with the old man. Also a guy named Dwight Morley, a nephew."

Ballard put a slip of paper on the desk, added a smaller slip. The larger of these was a statement from Max Pell, and as Standish glanced at it he saw that it represented seven days' work at twenty-five dollars a day, a four-day hotel bill with the word, Greene, in parenthesis beside it, and an item for a hundred and forty-odd dollars for railroad, Pullman, meals, and tips.

"I found the bill in Cooper's desk while I was nosing around," Ballard said. "This thing"—he touched the smaller slip, a Pullman stub from Chicago to New York—"I found in Pell's pocket last night."

"No one at the house knows anything about it?" Standish watched Ballard shake his head. "And what do you want me to do?"

"Well—I thought maybe you'd want to do a p.m."

PAUL STANDISH lit a cigarette and continued to play with his lighter, snapping the little arm that covered the wick up and down. He didn't know he was doing it, for it was an unconscious habit when he was thinking hard.

"I doubt it, Tom," he said. "From what I've heard, old Cooper was overdue."

Ballard watched Standish somberly. The doctor was a lean hard-bodied man with good bones in his jaw and a way of holding himself that suggested competence and a nice co-ordination of mind and muscle. He had an easy unaffected manner, provided you did not try to push him around.

"Well, will you go out to the house with me?" Ballard asked.

"Is the body still there?"

"Lanning had signed the death

(*Continued on page 52*)

The woman came out of her chair with catlike quickness, whirling away from Lanning toward the door.

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ASTON KINGS

BY HUMPHREY PAKINGTON

CANON WARGRAVE had three daughters to marry off. Mrs. Bayley had six. It took a wilier young man than John Markham to escape unattached from the neighborhood of Aston Kings. And John is the last of a horde of bachelors snared into matrimony in this wonderfully funny novel of English country life.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB COLLINS

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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A LIGHT breeze stirred the dining-room curtains of Number 37 Empress Gate, London, on a summer morning long ago. As the ceremony of the serving of breakfast began Mr. Chickwood, reverently setting the *Times* upon the paper stand, took the opportunity to bend over his master and say in an undertone, "Mrs. Chickwood is here, sir." The butler made the announcement in the voice of a comforter. Mrs. Chickwood's parting words to her husband had been, "And don't yer forget to tell yer old man I'm coming over, Mr. C."

Meanwhile Master Greville and his sister Gertrude were flattening their noses against the great plateglass windowpane, goggling at the street. Master Greville began to rub the flabby end of his nose from side to side upon the glass, and his sister followed his example. Having the makings of a woman of method and orderliness, she glanced sideways at her brother and timed herself so that the two noses rubbed in unison upon the window. The harmony was broken suddenly by Master Greville. "Father," he cried shrilly, jerking his nose off the glass, "two men are starting to put straw all over the road, right in front of our house."

"Come away from that window, Master Greville," said the nursemaid hurriedly. "You'll be late for school if you don't start your breakfast. Come, Miss Gertrude."

"Who'd you think the straw's for, Father?" asked Master Greville as he settled in his chair. "There must be somebody dying. . . quite near," he added appreciatively.

"Never mind the straw, Greville," said his father, "Start your breakfast," and the master of the house turned to the *Times* as a signal for silence.

"Where's Mother, Father?" asked Miss Gertrude, but received no answer.

"Father," said the shrill voice of Greville, "when are the OTHERS coming back?" The OTHERS was the collective term used by Master Greville and Miss Gertrude to describe the five younger children. The OTHERS had been farmed out on their grandmother a fortnight ago.

"You may get down if you have finished your breakfast, Greville," said the canon. It was one of those days when no questions were to be answered.

Shortly, a hansom cab, its sound muffled as the straw was reached, drew up at the door of Number 37. A doctor, Gladstone bag in hand, was bowed into the hall by Mr. Chickwood; half an hour later the doctor entered the study of the master of the house at the back of the hall. "A beautiful little girl, Canon Wargrave," said the doctor, extending his hand in congratulation. "Mother and child doing well."

The father shook hands with the doctor, made a rapid mental calculation, and muttered under his breath, "Four all."

The child was named Kate, and the parents were as surprised as the rest of the world when she proved to be the youngest.

The family—eight strong at Kate's birth—suffered the usual Victorian process of attrition, and as time went on Canon Wargrave was inclined to bless the name of the Lord for having reduced his family to five and thus solved the problem of education. Greville, the elder boy, was sent to Eton and Oxford, and Lindsay, the younger, being destined for the navy, was considered not to need any education to speak of. As for the girls—Gertrude, Winifred, and Kate—they were, of course, Mrs. Wargrave's concern.

Not that there was anything mean or ungenerous in Canon Wargrave's make-up: it was merely that he conformed to the general principle that the accumulation of wealth in an honest and straightforward manner was one of the first duties of a Christian and a gentleman. He tended his investments with as conscientious a care as he bestowed upon his parishioners. The emoluments of the rector of St. Janet under the Bedstead amounted to fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Late in 1893, Canon Wargrave's elder and only brother died leaving a widow but no children. This melancholy occurrence brought the family estate of Aston Kings, in the County of Severnshire, into the hands of the Canon.

At the time of the family's removal thither, Greville had left Balliol and was understood to be completing a leisurely and liberal education by European travel as a means of broadening his outlook before starting to read for the church. Gertrude was twenty-two, Winifred a year or so younger. Lindsay was at sea as a midshipman, and so was well out of the way. And only little Kate, rising twelve, remained to be floated in due course.

ONE stormy autumn morning Alice Wargrave paused at the study door. "May I come in, dear?" she said, tapping and turning the handle simultaneously. She liked to preserve her husband's dignity by knocking on the door, but would have taken no notice if he had forbidden her to enter.

Alice walked across to his desk and picked up a letter that was lying open. "Is this from Greville?" she said. "May I read it?" The letter bore the address of a pension in Brussels.

While his wife read, the canon pretended to busy himself with the rest of the morning's correspondence, but when she returned the letter to his desk he looked up. "Well?" he said sharply, and the sternness of his mien seemed to connect Alice with the sins of her son.

Alice put her hand on her husband's shoulder, as though to keep him steady.

"Have you thought at all what you will do, William?" she asked after a pause.

"I can hardly be expected to have collected my thoughts as yet," replied the canon. "The first step, however, is

obvious. I shall telegraph him to return home immediately."

"William, if you telegraph to him he may marry the girl at once. Just rough out a letter and—and let me see it before you send it."

That night, after Mr. Chickwood had placed the whiskey tray in his master's study and retired, presumably to the welcoming arms of Mrs. Chickwood, Mrs. Wargrave knocked and entered.

"Sit down, dear," her husband said. She did so.

"This is what I have said," announced the canon with an air of finality, handing his wife the letter he had written. It was long and severe, ending with a postscript: "P. S. I trust that you will see fit to come home and discuss these matters with your mother and myself without delay, I fear that I do not see my way to continuing your additional allowance for foreign travel after the end of this month."

"It's a very good letter," Alice said, "very good indeed . . . Do have your whiskey, dear. You know it doesn't suit you if you leave it too late . . . I have been jotting down a few notes. I don't know whether you'd care to see how I suggested putting it?" Then she handed her husband the draft which she had made. He adjusted his spectacles, took a pull at the tumbler, and read.

MY DEAR BOY,

I'm sure you'll have foreseen that your Mother and

I would be a good deal surprised at your news. You are, as you say, rather young yet to settle in life, and though we had always hoped for a very happy married life for you as the best of all blessings, we had not expected that you would consider marriage yet awhile.

However, the last thing we would wish to do is to come between you and your happiness. True love will stand the test of absence, and our proposal is that you should prove to us, and to yourself, the worth of your affection for Clothilde by leaving Brussels for the time being. I suggest six weeks or so in Rome, if this attracts you, then home for Christmas. We hope to have Lindsay back then, and are making up a party for the Hunt Ball, so let us know as soon as you can whether you will be with us.

With warmest love from us both,
Your affectionate father,
W. W.

P.S. I am instructing my bankers to transfer an additional £100 to your account on Nov. 1st, so that you need be in no anxiety about finance should you decide to adopt our advice.

The canon gulped down the remainder of his whiskey and soda. "But he'd never believe that I wrote that," he said.

Alice bent over and kissed the top of her husband's head.

"No, dear," she said gently. "But then, you didn't."

TEN weeks later Greville was potting at rabbits round the far side of King's Hill. Clothilde had receded amid the gaieties of Rome, and as Greville trod the parkland, Rome herself seemed but a vulgar bauble beside the far-flung acres of Aston Kings.

It was the day before the Hunt Ball, and the house was simmering with expectation.

Down in the study Alice Wargrave stood by her husband's desk, fencing with him over the question of whether his sister-in-law Eliza was to be asked over to dinner on the morrow. She lived within walking distance. Alice fully intended to ask Eliza to dinner: Eliza would want to see the ball dresses, and had a further claim on the hospitality of the Hall in that she had supplied the brightest jewel in the crown of house guests in the shape of her nephew, Captain Jocelyn Gaunt of the Twenty-fifth Hussars. But Alice, primarily interested in defending her husband from his managing sister-in-law, was not inclined to let "Mrs. Edward" get away with anything lightly.

"Very well, William," she said. "Then I will ask her. And if the food runs short, as I've no doubt it will, I shall pretend that I have a stomach-ache and am unable to eat."

This sacrifice, however, was not required of her, nor had she expected it to be. When dinner was done and life had moved to the hall, the dogs rose in their baskets beside the fireplace to gaze with easy tolerance at the antics of the humans. It couldn't be prayers, they reflected, at this time of night, yet there were the servants lined up between the white pillars framing the stairway, all expectant; and from the gunroom passage came men's voices, shortly followed by the gentlemen themselves. The canon led the way, treading the tiled floor with a deliberate pace. He was followed by two figures, gay as birds of paradise: Captain Gaunt in sage green with brass buttons—the Buddleston hunt colors—and Greville Wargrave wearing the pink coat of a blameless hunt, for he had never hunted in his life, and was weering the coat for the first time.

The canon, who suspected everybody except himself of having had a little too much champagne, took a position with his back to the fire and his hands clasped under his coattails. Greville walked self-consciously over to join his father and Captain Gaunt, while Lindsay Wargrave and his friend John Markham, in black coats, followed.

A hush of expectancy had fallen upon the hall, broken only by the ticking of the black clock upon the mantelpiece and the creaking of Mr. Chickwood's black boots and the stamping of the horses on the hard gravel in the blackness outside. Then down the staircase floated the small figure of Kate. "They're coming," she said excitedly, as her mother appeared at the stairhead and walked slowly down the shallow steps, unabashed by the gaze of twenty pairs of eyes and the murmur of admiration that rose.

"Your page, Madam," said Lindsay, and stooping down he lifted the end of the heavy silver brocade train till it hung in a graceful loop from his hands to his mother's waist, leading the eye to the sharp point of the low backed dress and the mass of dark hair coiled low upon the nape of the neck.

"Mrs. Edward" feeling that she would be neglecting her duty if she failed to make herself unpleasant, began to fiddle about behind Alice's back, saying, "You seem to stick out rather awkwardly, Alice."

Alice paused as she reached the line of servants. "Oh, it's fun to be a duchess for once in a way," she said, then turned to the kitchen maid. "How do you like the dress, Polly? Just feel the stuff. Isn't it lovely to stroke!" Then, turning back to the staircase, "Come on, children."

There was a rustling of skirts at the head of the stairs. Gertrude Wargrave, in blue, led the descent. She had her mother's figure and deportment, and Captain Gaunt, whose sovereign merit was that he always did and said exactly what might be expected of him, was heard by the canon to mutter, "Egad, that's a demned fine filly."

The dress parade over, cloaks and wraps were donned and the carriage seating arranged. Young Markham was the last to leave the hall. In the doorway he hesitated, then turned round and took a step toward Kate. "Good night, Cinderella," he said.

Kate looked up in his face with a smile. "I think you're being rather rude to my sisters," she said. "But good night all the same, Prince Charming."

The party from Aston Kings arrived in the ballroom in an interval between the dances. Captain Gaunt claimed Gertrude as his first partner, and then took out the other ladies of the house party in strict order for one dance apiece. He had with much boldness asked for the pleasure of Miss Wargrave's company for supper and the last set of the lancers. Being likewise a man of method, he had arranged for himself an interval when the first round of dances was complete, so that he could foregather to drink brandy and water with two fellow members of the Buddlestone hunt. To them the captain dropped a hint about a demned fine little filly, and was dug in the ribs with a "Joss, my boy"—the captain's name was Jocelyn—"Joss, you're a sly old devil." Whereupon Joss had chuckled loudly, and had wiped the brandy from his moustaches, and had sworn that they should see for themselves. . . .

LINDSAY WARGRAVE finished his breakfast next morning, then went out into the hall where he stood at the window for a few minutes. Away to the left John Markham was striding along carrying a bag of golf clubs, with Kate almost running by his side to keep up with his long paces, while the dogs careered across the grass in full enjoyment of the winter sunshine. It was one of those ordinary and innocent scenes that hold such peculiar poignancy for an onlooker who is feeling anything but ordinary and innocent.

It was all the fault of that damned old fool Simpkins for getting tight, thought Lindsay. He decided to get it over, and walked towards the study door. Outside the door he paused to consider his tactics. He wouldn't tell any direct lies—at least not more than seemed necessary—and he wouldn't put any of the blame on Simpkins or John, and as little as possible on himself, of course. . . and—well, here goes. He knocked at the study door.

"Come in," called the canon in rather a menacing voice, and Lindsay looked round the corner of the door. The canon was seated at his desk, with Alice opposite to him, near the fireplace.

"Come in and shut the door," commanded the canon sternly, "Now, sir," he continued, as Lindsay complied. "I consider that an explanation is called for when I hear that a member of my family and his friend have thrown one of my guests into an ice-cold pond at dead of a winter's night—a winter's night, sir," reiterated the canon, as

though to suggest that to have thrown the captain into a pond on a summer's night would have been quite good.

"Lindsay, old man," said his mother, "tell us what you know."

"Well, Father, Simpkins had had a very tiring time of it driving us home from the ball. We had been going through absolute pea-soup fog, continually missing our way, with John and me walking ahead for miles and miles with lanterns and things, and when it got clearer, John, who's the most good-natured sort of fellow in the world, and who's done a good deal of driving in his time"—Lie Number One, thought Lindsay—"well, John suggested that he should take the reins so as to give Simpkins a chance of getting a little sleep. I wanted to put Simpkins inside and keep John company on the box, but Gertrude and the captain, who hadn't done a hand's turn the whole evening—either of them—set up a howl, so I had to go inside myself. We were all pretty well deadbeat, except, of course, Gertrude and the captain, who had been quite comfortable inside, but John refused to let me relieve him, and as it was quite clear by that time, and he was such a marvelous driver, I thought it better for him to continue.

"We all dozed off inside the fly, and Simpkins, I gather, had a bit of sleep, too, and as we were getting so near home John decided that it wasn't worth waking him. Then, just as we'd got past that white railing that runs along the road by the Moat, we apparently ran absolutely suddenly into a dense fogbank. John saw what he thought was the road going on downhill to the left—it was really the place where the cattle go down—so, through no fault of his own, he drove us into the Moat. It might have happened, in fact it almost certainly would have happened, with anybody, and I can't help thinking that it was very lucky that John was driving, because very few other people would have had the presence of mind to pull the horse up when he did, and if we'd gone on we'd have driven right into the middle of the Moat."

LINDSAY paused for breath. Getting a vote of thanks proposed to John seemed a pretty good start, at any rate; now for a vote of thanks to Lindsay: "I lifted Gertrude out of the fly and carried her safely to the shore. She weighs about a ton, and very nearly throttled me by clinging round my neck. Then I plunged straight back again through the water, though I was pretty well frozen by then, and reached the fly, where I found Gaunt standing upon the seat with his head out of the top of the window, more or less gibbering with funk, as far as I could see. I consulted with John, and we then asked Gaunt if he would like to wade ashore himself, or if he would prefer us to carry him. He asked to be carried, so John stood outside the fly, and Gaunt put his arms round his neck and I got hold of his legs and—"

"Whose legs?" asked the canon.

"Gaunt's legs, Father. They were in the fly still, and I had got in at the other door. I gave the order to lift and launch—"

"To do what?" asked the canon

"Well, it's a nautical term. I didn't like to be too deliberate, as Gaunt was pretty restive and was kicking about with his feet in my face and practically throttling John at the other end. I take full blame for having launched Gaunt's legs for-ard before John was quite ready, with the result, as far as I could see in the dark and fog and general confusion, that John slipped in the mud—it was devilish slimy: I beg your pardon, Father, I didn't mean to use bad language—he slipped in the mud and fell in the water with the front end of Gaunt. I couldn't possibly haul Gaunt up again by the legs, and the only way to prevent a serious accident, not to mention the possibility of drowning, was to drop Gaunt's legs in the water and haul his head out, which I did. That's the whole story, and if you still wish to blame anyone, please remember that I take the entire responsibility. To anyone who knows John, the idea that he would even dream of hurting a fly—"

There was a crash, a shivering of glass, and an ancient golf ball with gaping wounds fell with a plomp on the canon's desk and bounced off onto the carpet at Lindsay's feet. The canon leapt from his chair.

"Who did this, sir?" he cried, glaring at Lindsay as though he thought that his son had conjured the golf ball out of his pocket. "Who did this, I say? I will not have my house made into a bear garden. If you—"

But before his father could finish his sentence Lindsay had dashed out of the study into the hall. John Markham was running towards the porch with a mashie in his hand and Kate was running after him with the bag of golf clubs.

"You damned fool, John!" cried Lindsay. "I've just spent half an hour telling lies about you to Father, and then you go and—"

But John was through the hall and in at the study door before Lindsay could finish his sentence.

"I—I'm dreadfully sorry, sir," stammered John as he faced the angry canon. "I—I thought it was the butler's pantry."

The canon's wrath rose. "Do you mean to tell me, sir," he shouted, "that you were aiming at the window in the butler's pantry?"

"Oh, no, sir, I wasn't—I wasn't aiming at anything in particular. I've never played this beastly game before, and I shall certainly never play it again after this. I had no idea it was so dangerous."

The canon's anger subsided as he looked into John Markham's contrite face.

"Of course I should like to pay for the window, sir," said John.

"Oh, my dear boy, no. I couldn't think of it."

"Take him out again, Kate," said Alice, seeing her youngest daughter peering anxiously round the door. "And Kate, have a shot at Aunt Eliza's windows next time."

AS Bolam Verney, the seat of Sir Jocelyn Gaunt, lay but some thirty miles from Aston Kings, it was natural that, after the hunt ball, Gertrude and the Captain should meet on three or four occasions. Each time he singled her out for attention in his somewhat formal way. Then, in early summer, Alice Wargrave received a charming little note from Lady Gaunt, Joss's mother: Sir Jocelyn and herself would be so happy . . . a family house party . . . their son Jocelyn at home . . . would they bring a daughter.

Clearly, Gertrude was being sent for on approval.

The party from Aston Kings received a seemly and cordial welcome. The young captain, in a brightly coloured blazer, stepped across from the croquet lawn to the front door to hand the ladies from their carriage, and a bevy of butlers, footmen, and parlour-maids extracted reticules, parasols, and other objects of interest from the depths of the landau, and escorted the party into the hall and thence into the presence of Lady Gaunt herself in the drawing room.

Tea was to be served on the West Lawn, and when Gertrude had changed her dress and hat she sought her mother's room and was led into the garden just as the house party was gathering for the meal.

Canon Wargrave had preceded the ladies to the lawn, and was in conversation with a small white-haired man with a very pointed nose, wearing a shovel hat and gaiters, whom Gertrude recognized as the Bishop of Asia Minor. As the Reverend Percy Bayley the Bishop had been Rector of Bolam Verney and had acquired the hand and heart of Miss Julia Gaunt, Sir Jocelyn's eldest sister, who had, in course of time, presented him with six daughters. Besides this branch of the family there were present also Aunt Serena in grey and Uncle Toby in all the colours of the rainbow. Aunt Serena was the second of the three Gaunt sisters.

Seated in the post of honour nearest to the tea table was a very small and withered old lady, almost submerged in an immense hat. She was Sir Jocelyn's surviving aunt, and was known to the family as Aunt Bébé. She had married as her third husband a Belgian count some twenty-five years her junior, and the faithful count stood gallantly behind her chair, striking what he believed to be an English attitude, and dressed in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers of tussore silk, and on his head a check cap with earflaps tied under the chin as though to restrain the bushy brown whiskers that luxuriated from

his cheeks. The count's principal duty was to pick up anything Aunt Bébé happened to notice that she had dropped—a full-time job, as the bishop remarked.

The rest of the party were mere ballast: the captain's younger brother, Oliver, with a fine taste in waistcoats, who had driven over from Oxford in his phaeton that afternoon; and the rector and his wife, who had walked across the park to tea.

Dinner followed tea, and eventually conversation developed into a discussion of the plans for the morrow. The two older Miss Bayleys begged for a picnic to the Ruins with their sketchbooks. A picnic to the Ruins was the normal form of summer entertainment at Bolam Verney, and the fact that the Miss Bayleys had already sketched the Ruins from every conceivable viewpoint seemed in no wise to damp their ardour.

The following morning proved warm and sunny, and the parties for the expedition were formed. Sir Jocelyn would ride—he would be glad of the exercise—and his son, the captain, would be pleased to take one of the young ladies in the buggy. Perhaps if Miss Gertrude—whereupon Aunt Bébé caused embarrassment by emitting a tcha, tcha, and flicking out her fan as much as to say, "That settles that." Canon Wargrave offered the use of his landau, and the dispositions were soon made.

After the picnic luncheon the captain asked whether Miss Gertrude would do him the honour of taking a short walk.

That evening, when the party was gathered round the long dinner table in the summer twilight, and the white damask cloth had been swept, and the bishop had said grace, and the Worcester dessert service had been placed, and the Waterford decanters circulated, and the butler and his minions had taken their departure, a hush of expectancy fell upon the company. Then Sir Jocelyn rose. Young Jocelyn fiddled with his bow tie, and Gertrude, on his right, gazed demurely at her fingerbowl.

Sir Jocelyn cleared his throat, clutched the lapels of his coat, and began: "Ah, ladies and gentlemen, the honour—ah—the pleasure falls to me of announcing the betrothal of my son—ah—my son Jocelyn to the charming young lady who—ah—who graces—ah—to Miss Gertrude Wargrave whose—ah—whose . . ." The rest of the speech, if indeed there was a rest, was lost in the general jubilation.

So three years later, on a winter afternoon, Captain Gaunt was sitting stiffly beside the bed of his wife with a benign and approving smile on his face.

"My father," he was saying, "approves—indeed, warmly approves—the selection of the names Jocelyn Wargrave for our son and heir . . . And now, Gertrude, I have some news which I forbore to tell you yesterday; but as Nurse Wilcox assures me that your progress has been uniformly good I feel that there can now be no harm in giving you my intelligence." The captain paused portentously, and Gertrude looked properly expectant. "The committee wishes me to accept the mastership of the Buddlestone Hunt next season."

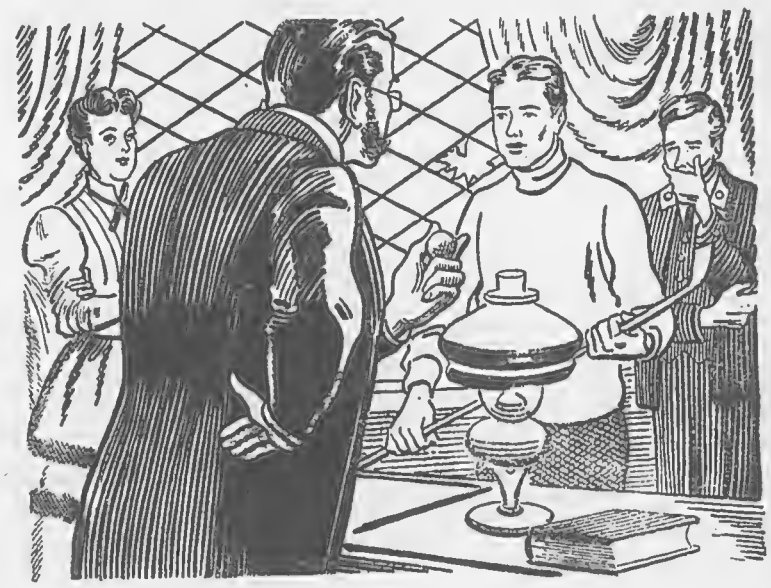
"Oh, Jocelyn," said Gertrude, and the expression thrown into the two words should have satisfied the most exorbitant husband. "I have always hoped that this might happen."

When the Buddlestone Hunt and its future had been sufficiently canvassed, the captain rose and pulled the bellrope by his wife's bedside, thereby informing the world that the heir of all the Gaunts might enter the presence of his parents. The door was opened by an unseen hand, and Nurse Wilcox swept into the room bearing an assortment of baby clothes, ribbons, and shawls among which the small red face of Master Gaunt could be discerned if due search were made. The captain gazed at his son, flicked his fingers, and made a few clicking noises with his tongue, such as are usually reserved for conversation with horses, and shortly tiptoed out.

ON NEW Year's Eve, Canon and Mrs. Wargrave had their whole family with them, apart from Joss and Gertrude. Greville had come over for the night from his curacy at Severnhampton. Winifred, the career woman of the family, was enjoying a little leisure before taking up a new job, having tried and abandoned editing a family magazine. Lindsay was on ten days' leave; and Kate was back from school.

The guests were Aunt Eliza; Mr. Tod the curate, who had come in for the evening; and John Markham, who had accepted gladly a casual invitation thrown out by Lindsay to spend his Christmas leave at Aston Kings. It was John's first visit in five years and he was enjoying himself, with the eager enjoyment of one who would cull all he could from the passing hour. He was leaving the next morning, and with each day the value of what he was leaving had seemed to grow. He told himself that the whole thing was absurd. Kate was only a schoolgirl still, and they might never meet again. Her family were rich, and he was poor. Yet all through the evening, during the games and dancing, there throbbed and drummed in John's mind the urgent desire to say something, to do something, to give some token to Kate.

At last midnight struck on the hall clock, and they all joined hands to sing *Auld Lang Syne*. John was next to



Kate in the ring—he had managed somehow to be next to her most of the evening.

"I'm going out to see if I can hear the church bells ringing," she said when the little ceremony ended.

"May I come too?" asked John, and followed.

It was a moonlight night, and the white drive between the trees lay like a strip of marble veined with the pale-blue shadows of the bare trunks and branches of the limes that formed the avenue. Now louder, now softer as the breeze varied, the chimes were ringing in the New Year. They stood at the open door. John emboldened by the half-darkness, looked at Kate as though he would photograph every detail of her face upon his memory.

At length, compelled by her companion's gaze to look up in his face, Kate said, "You seem thoughtful. Are you forming your good resolutions?"

"I've only formed one," he said.

"Will you tell me what it is?"

John hesitated. "Some day I may tell you. I hope I will, at any rate."

"You're sure it's a good resolution?"

"Well," said John, "it means that I won't be content with anything but the best—the very best—so . . ."

"That sounds greedy to me." Kate smiled.

John did not answer at once, but stood with the sound of the bells ringing in his ears. Then the spell was broken by Mrs. Wargrave's voice from the hall. "Kate dear, don't get cold. Mr. Markham, there's some whiskey for the gentlemen in my husband's study."

THE Bishop of Asia Minor had decided to retire—or rather, Mrs. Bayley, after some consideration of the matter, had made the decision and the bishop had acquiesced. His lordship was getting old, and found the continual travelling over his wide diocese more trying than of yore; and Mrs. Bayley felt that a settled habitation would more easily allow her to complete her life's work by disposing of her marriageable daughters. Not that the Mediterranean had done her badly in this respect. Claris-

sa, the eldest girl, had paired off with the Bishop of Jericho's chaplain, and, when this vein had been considered as worked out, a move to Malta had caused Julia, the second daughter, to meet her fate in the shape of a Captain of Marines. So far well enough, for even a bishop's chaplain and a Captain of Marines were not to be sneezed at when one had six daughters to work off.

And the Malta season gave promise of bearing further fruit. His Majesty's Cruiser *Aphrodite* had lain for most of the winter months in the Grand Harbour, and Lindsay Wargrave and his friend John Markham, who were on board her, had spent much of their shore leave in the society of the Bayley girls. Lindsay had a large heart, and was quite ready to make love to any presentable young lady—which all the Bayley girls were. The methodical Mrs. Bayley was careful to take every opportunity of throwing her third daughter, Evelina, across Lindsay's path. With John Markham it was rather different: the Wargraves had money, whereas John was understood to have little prospect beyond his pay. He was, too, a somewhat shy young man, who would never put himself forward among the ladies. Nevertheless, there was no denying that Mariana was attracted by him, and he was certainly a dear boy and very nice looking, so Mrs. Bayley allotted him to her fourth daughter.

LINDSAY and John were likely to be in England for a while—doing courses, or something of that sort—and this fact, together with the state of the bishop's health and the desire for a more settled hunting ground, induced Mrs. Bayley to persuade her husband that it was time for him to hand over his charge to a younger man and come home and help to get the girls settled.

They took Ashfield, a house at Witham Darcy, twenty-three miles from Bolam Verney and ten from Aston Kings, and as soon as they were settled in it Mrs. Bayley turned her attention to the future of her daughters. She was anxious to get Evelina and Mariana settled, and was laying her plans accordingly; but with the uncertainty of the navy in mind, she felt that she must have reserves in readiness who could be used up on Serena and Miranda if not required higher up in the scale.

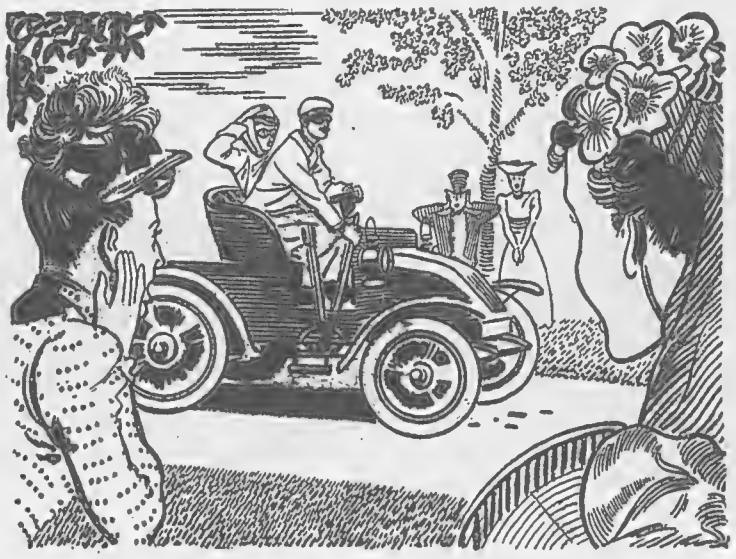
One obvious choice for the reserves was the curate, Mr. Tod, who could presumably be had for the asking, and who had the great advantage of being settled practically on the premises. He seemed a pleasant enough man, and had a good rectory. Then there was Greville Wargrave—a much better catch than Mr. Tod, or than Greville's brother Lindsay, for that matter. Mrs. Bayley toyed with the idea of allotting Greville to Evelina and moving Lindsay on to Mariana, which would leave John Markham and Mr. Tod and any other competitors to fight for Serena and Miranda. But no. She could not risk losing the two young naval officers altogether. Let matters take their course—for the present.

She had decided to give a house party in August, and some grand open-air entertainment of an unspecified nature. A bicycle gymkhana was one suggestion, or scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The bishop asked what would happen if it were wet, and pointed out that he really couldn't allow a bicycle gymkhana in the house, and was asked not to make difficulties at this stage. They would have a marquee at the end of the croquet lawn—and a tent with a fortuneteller, Evelina suggested, and saw herself and Lindsay Wargrave visiting the tent together with satisfactory results—and a string quartet in the shrubbery. And Evelina should send a note to Lindsay to make certain that he was going to be at Aston Kings on the date.

John Markham got an early invitation in the form of a note from Mariana. She hoped he wouldn't think it strange her writing, but Mamma was so busy and had asked her to say how happy they would be if he could spare them a week or so in August. John had been wondering what he should do with his three weeks' leave. He was an only child, and his father, a naval surgeon, had died when he was young. His mother had married again, and seemed content with such gaieties as Southsea gave her, but these did not appeal to John. Lindsay had thrown out a vague invitation to come to Aston Kings, but nothing more had been said of this for some weeks. Perhaps if Lindsay heard that John was going to the Bayleys' he would renew his invitation.

For all his modesty John could not but be aware that Mariana was being offered to him. Mrs. Bayley's methods were not subtle, and a solid week of her could not be viewed without some apprehension. Mariana was all very well—all the Miss Bayleys were all very well—but John didn't happen to be in love with her or with any of them, and Mrs. Bayley's was the sort of house from which it was very difficult to escape without proposing to somebody. Yet if he didn't accept he could hardly go to Aston Kings, and John wanted very much to go to Aston Kings. So his acceptance was sent. The Gaunt clan accepted their invitations as in duty bound, on a scale varying between something approaching enthusiasm and a positive distaste. The bottom of the scale was occupied by the younger Gaunt son, Oliver, who had been invited by Aunt Eliza to stay at her house and who began by saying that he'd be hanged if he'd go and ended by accepting under some pressure from his father.

Aunt Eliza's offer to put up Oliver was in fact the first move in a deep-laid scheme. Sometime previously she had attempted to make a match between her niece Winifred and Mr. Tod, the curate at Aston Kings. Winifred, the least attractive of the Wargrave sisters, could



not expect to fly very high; and there was really nothing against Mr. Tod unless being lean and lanky and rather plain and having but ninety pounds a year could be considered disadvantages. But to the discomfiture of everyone concerned Mr. Tod had revealed his preference for Kate. Her failure over that affair had merely put Aunt Eliza on her mettle. It was necessary, of course, to retrieve her honour as a matchmaker, but it was even more essential that Mr. Tod should not get Kate. The best way, she decided, was to provide Kate with a substitute for him. At about the time of the Bayleys' return to England she had selected Oliver Gaunt.

True, Aunt Eliza had not been on speaking terms with Oliver for some time, for he had all the vices most repugnant to his aunt: he betted on horses, gambled at cards, smoked a pipe all over the house, and was rumoured to be in debt. So the first necessity was a reconciliation with him, and Aunt Eliza wisely decided that the surest way to attach her nephew to her person was a hope of pecuniary advantage.

Unlike her sisters, she had not been in the habit of consulting Sir Jocelyn on her investments, but now she informed her brother, during her annual visit to Bolam Verney, that she would be glad of some financial advice. When the inspection of the investments was over, Aunt Eliza sighed, asked what was the use of money to a lonely old woman like herself, and wondered what would happen to it when she was gone. This was precisely what Sir Jocelyn was wondering. Aunt Eliza had in truth made a will leaving the money in equal shares to the nephews and nieces of herself and her husband. But she had come to think this sensible arrangement rather dull, and had realized that she could exercise power more satisfactorily

by concentrating her bequest on one or two of the party, with the threat of removal if satisfaction was not given.

Now, leaning forward with her elbows on the table and gazing earnestly at her brother, she said, "One of my dearest wishes is to see your Oliver happily married and I know the very girl for him: Kate Wargrave."

"Isn't she the one who had that affair with the curate?" asked Sir Jocelyn suspiciously.

"She is the one the curate wished to have an affair with," replied Eliza with dignity, "but that is a very different matter."

"But what's this got to do with your—with what we were talking about?"

"Well, Oliver is the sort who likes to live generously—no love in a cottage for him; and if I could make things easier—Supposing I were to leave my money to Kate?"

"And supposing she married the curate?" rejoined Sir Jocelyn.

"One can alter one's will," said Eliza. "What I want from you, Jocelyn, is your influence with Oliver. To make two young people happy is something to live for."

"You—er—you want me to speak to him?" her brother said. "About settling down, I mean."

"It would come better from you, Jocelyn," replied Eliza.

IT WAS the eve of the garden party, and John Markham had arrived at Ashfield that afternoon. Already he felt the vice closing on him. They were assembled in the drawing room before dinner: the Bishop and Mrs. Bayley and their four unmarried daughters, Sir Jocelyn and Lady Gaunt, Uncle Toby and Aunt Serena, Aunt Bébé, Mr. Tod, and John himself.

"I have made a little miscalculation," Mrs. Bayley said calmly. "We are thirteen, so I have had to arrange a side table for two." Here she looked across at John with Mariana standing by his side, and John sensed the truth that Mr. Tod had been invited by the scheming mamma in order to produce this very situation. "It would be rather dull for two of the girls to be excommunicated," continued the inexorable voice, "so perhaps if one of the gentlemen—"

"I think it will be those two, yes?" called the cracked voice of Aunt Bébé across the room. She waved her stick in the direction of John and Mariana.

"Well done, Madame," chortled Uncle Toby, and everybody laughed merrily except Mariana, who toyed blushingly with the flower at her waist, and John, who cast about in his mind for some way of staging an immediate return to Portsmouth.

But morning found him still there; while at Aston Kings Kate Wargrave was asking her brother Lindsay, "Did you say John Markham was staying at Bayley's?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"How's he these days?"

"Same as ever. But it's no good your chasing him, Kate. He's hooked."

"I don't propose chasing anybody. Who has hooked him?"

"Ma Bayley on behalf of her daughter Mariana."

"Are they engaged?"

"I should think so by now. It needs a stronger will than John's to resist Ma Bayley. She's a devil of a woman."

"What's she like? Mariana, I mean."

"Oh, just like all the rest, but a bit plumper. You haven't got a chance, Kate. You'd better go for Oliver."

"I wish you'd stop being funny, Lin. How are we going?"

"Ma, Pa, Gert, Joss in the landau," said Winifred, "and Lin and I walk along to Aunt Eliza's to save that skinny old horse of hers coming to fetch us, and we pick up Grev at the Rectory"—Greville had now taken up residence there—"and Oliver takes Kate in that new contrivance of his."

"There you are, Kate," said Lindsay. "You can't refuse him after that—if you get there alive."

And at half past three, with the bright kaleidoscope of guests about him, John stood forlorn near the sweep of the Bayleys' drive. Lindsay Wargrave had waved to him and passed on, and he had seen Winifred among the crowd. Canon and Mrs. Wargrave had passed by him without seeming to notice him, and he began to feel that even the attentions of Mariana would be welcome.

Then, above the clattering of cups and the light elusive music of the band came a clanking and a popping and a spluttering. A smell as of a thousand Aladdin's lamps was wafted across the garden, and a towering mass of metal—gleaming brass and scarlet-painted and all spattered with mud—turned in at the gate and wobbled and jerked and puffed up the drive, with two muffled, begoggled figures seated high on the box seat.

The crowd excitedly surged in its wake towards the house. The sweep of the drive was navigated in safety, but just as it seemed that the haven was reached, there was the loud report of a bursting tire, followed by the sound of crumpling metal as the machine lurched sharply sideways and crashed into the corner of the porch. Laughter and talking ceased suddenly, and even the band dropped their instruments and peered out through the rhododendrons. And then the hubbub rose again, though in a minor key which held a hint of foreboding. Terribly dangerous! Was anyone killed? Give me the horses any day! Stand clear, if you please: it may explode!

John Markham had been pressed forward in the front of the crowd and was near the scene of the accident. The two figures were helped down from their height by the bishop and Lindsay, and the female was hurried into the house by a selection of the Miss Bayleys. Who were they? Where had they come from? was asked. It seemed that Mr. Oliver Gaunt, a nephew of Mrs. Bayley's, was the owner of the machine, and Kate Wargrave was his passenger. . . . Well, the sooner the engagement was announced after this the better!

John turned away from the scene of the accident and had walked on for a few paces in an aimless way when he heard behind him a noise which he mistook for an instant for the harsh cry of a peacock. Turning sharply, he saw Aunt Bébé beckoning to him.

"IT WAS Master Oliver, I suppose," said the old lady. "Between you and me, my friend, that young man is not a favorite of mine. His father thinks that marriage will improve him."

"Is he going to be married?" asked John.

"You are one of the family now," said Aunt Bébé, wriggling her bony hand on John's knee, "so I may tell you that it is all arranged. But here comes your little bird! I will tell you another time, mon ami."

John Markham's little bird came tripping gaily across the sward. "Aunt Bébé!" she twittered, "Madame Astra is in despair because no one will enter the fortune-teller's tent, and Mamma wishes the example set. Madame Astra likes two at a time, so perhaps if . . . if John—" the little bird paused and blushed in the prettiest way.

Aunt Bébé gave a chuckle of sympathy and patted John's knee. "Go," she wheezed. "But there is no need for you two to have your fortune told, I think."

John rose, feeling foolish, and he and Mariana walked across to the tent.

Ten minutes later they came out and stood blinking in the daylight after the gloom inside. To their surprise they saw the countess hobbling forward on the arm of Lindsay.

"Oh, Aunt Bébé!" bubbled Mariana, "are *you* going to have your fortune told?"

"And why not?" the countess said with asperity. "One has one's freedom, yes?" Lindsay glanced back over his shoulder at John with a grin.

Chick, chick, chick, chick.
Will you marry me, chick?

chanted the band.

Mariana began to dot out the initial *J* with her parasol on the soft green lawn, and John was wondering how to get away when a clear voice hailed him through the chatter. He recognized it at once.

"Oh, but we've met before, I'm sure," Kate Wargrave said when he introduced the two girls. "And anyway, we're almost cousins, you know. We share Aunt Eliza. Your mother is being so kind. She saw me standing for-

lorn, and insisted on going in search of a gentleman to take me to the fortune-teller. I gather we have to go in pairs, and I am on my way to meet my fate."

"If I could be of any service—" began John.

"Oh, but that's very kind," answered Kate. "That would save everybody trouble . . . Might I borrow him for a few minutes?" she added, turning with a smile tc Mariana.

Eliza Wargrave—"Mrs. Edward"—had been talking to her sister, Mrs. Bayley, when the question had arisen of providing a partner for Kate; and, having her own ideas on the subject, she had hurried off to put them into execution, while Mrs. Bayley had spotted one of her own reserves and had decided to offer him up on the altar of hospitality. When therefore, John and Kate, after a little more parleying with Mariana, walked off in the direction of the tent they were surprised to see the entrance guarded by Mrs. Bayley, Aunt Eliza, Mr. Tod, and Oliver Gaunt.

Kate was aware that she was the sun round which this small constellation revolved, and decided to have a little fun. "How splendid!" she said. "We've all found partners! After you, please, Mrs. Bayley!" By now Mr. Tod had crab-walked off the stage altogether, and Oliver was lined up between two glum aunts to face a smiling Kate and a bashful John. Mrs. Bayley took charge of the situation and, ignoring Kate's remark, informed her that her nephew Oliver would conduct her into the tent.

"That's very kind of him," said Kate, who disliked being arranged for, "but Mr. Markham has already asked me to go in with him."

Aunt Eliza looked the personification of sour determination, and Oliver fell into the sulks. "I think," said Mrs. Bayley majestically, "that you have been in before, Mr. Markham."

John had found a new courage in Kate's company, born partly of his companion's self-confidence and partly of a desperate desire to be free of the Bayleys once and for all. "Yes, I have, Mrs. Bayley." he said, "but I want to see if I have better luck next time."

SEVEN years—no, eight nearly—since John had first seen Aston Kings, and getting on for four years since his last visit. It had seemed familiar enough as he had carried his luggage down the avenue last night in prompt acceptance of an invitation given by Lindsay at the garden party. He had been driven over from Ashfield by Oliver, who had had his infernal machine patched up, but they had broken down for the twentieth time as they turned in at the white gate, and had pushed the car onto the grass. Then he and Oliver had parted.

Breakfast was over now, and Kate offered to take John around the golf course.

"There aren't any holes," she explained as they started, "merely objects. The first object is that oak at the bottom of King's Hill. If you hit a cow you have to add six strokes as a punishment; if you hit Aunt Eliza you deduct six . . . Hullo, what's that?" A series of sharp reports rang out across the park from the direction of the white gate. "We're going in the right direction to see the fun, anyway," said Kate, and drove off her ball. John followed suit, and they walked across the park towards the house in which Aunt Eliza resided. Oliver appeared from behind his car as Aunt Eliza walked down her garden path heavily cloaked and hooded.

"Good gracious, Aunt Eliza," called Kate, "wherever are you off to?"

"I am being given my first ride," said Aunt Eliza, full of self-importance. "I feel that one should keep oneself up to date. But I shall not deprive you of Oliver's company for long."

"That's quite all right," said Kate, with more sincerity than tact. "Mr. Markham, I think you've met my aunt."

Aunt Eliza made a slight inclination of the head towards John. "We have met," she said, and walked forward to take her seat in the car.

"Rather she than I," said Kate, as the machine clanked off.

Hardly an hour later Pillifant, the fishmonger's boy, brought the sad news to Aston Kings, and by the time he had swallowed his second glass of beer in the servant's hall he had almost persuaded himself—and had quite persuaded his audience—that he had seen it all happen.

"'E runs up on the pavement just by Truelove's the draper," reported young Pillifant, "and one wheel goes up on the step, and it leans over like, and Mrs. Edward she half jumps and she half falls onto the pavement and comes down crack on her pate and lays dead."

"And the gentleman, what 'appened to 'im?" demanded the cook.

"'E was cut about the face and 'ands in consequence of 'aving gone clean through Truelove's window on to the drapery, which being soft goods was a merciful providence, and was removed to the Cottage 'Ospital."

And so the bell was tolled for the burial of the mortal remains of Eliza Emily Jane, relict of Edward Wargrave, Esquire, of Aston Kings in the County of Severnhampton, and youngest daughter of Sir Jocelyn Gaunt, sixth baronet, of Bolam Verney in the County of Warwick. The mellow afternoon sunlight was clambering round the broad west front of the square church tower, rolling away.

During her lifetime Aunt Eliza had always shown a lively interest in herself and her doings, and it must therefore be assumed that her spirit was present at her funeral, hovering perhaps among the martins round the tower in order to get a really good spirit's-eye view of the proceedings.

"WELL," said Winifred, splodged like a black ink stain over an armchair, "all I can say is that I think you're being silly, Kate. I should have no hesitation in keeping the money."

"Right!" cried Kate, posed like a black butterfly on the arm of the opposite chair. "Then that settles it! You shall have the lot, Win dear, instead of only half as I'd intended."

It was the evening of the day on which Sir Jocelyn had told the story of Aunt Eliza's will to his son Joss, and the two sisters were sitting in the library at Aston Kings in the autumn twilight. John Markham had, of course, terminated his visit on the day of Aunt Eliza's tragedy, and only the Wargrave family were now at home.

"I wouldn't think of accepting the money like that," said Winifred, "but if it had been left to me in an ordinary, Christian sort of will, of course I'd take it."

Kate looked thoughtful. "It would have been different," she said, "if I'd been a favourite of hers—like Gertrude. Knowing Aunt Eliza, I'm quite sure that she did it to spite someone else. But if so, why not leave it all to charity? Anyway, there's nothing to prevent my getting rid of it. I stayed awake all last night working it out in my head. Assuming that it's exactly forty thousand, I'll give you twenty thousand, Win, and that leaves two thousand for each of the Bayley girls—there are about six of them, aren't there? And two thousand each for Grev and Gert and Lin and me, and with anything over the forty thousand I'll get Mamma that little black hat I saw in Severnhampton, and have the study ceiling done up for Papa—where I left the bath water to run over—and anything left I'll put in my missionary box." Then she changed the subject. "What d'you imagine Gertrude's coming over for this afternoon?"

"Her telegram didn't give any clue," answered Winifred. "That sounds like the trap," she added.

Kate glanced up the drive through the lace curtains. "Yes, that's her," she said, getting up to go into the hall to meet her sister.

To do her justice, Gertrude was not enamoured of a task imposed on her by her father-in-law, and the canon, naturally enough, took considerable umbrage at the story that his daughter unfolded to him in private after dinner. Was he to understand that Sir Jocelyn felt that he—Sir Jocelyn—had any claim—any claim whatever to interfere in the matter—to dictate terms? The canon had the greatest respect for Sir Jocelyn, but this cock-and-bull story, this ridiculous, not to say ludicrous—suggestion was so monstrous, so utterly monstrous . . . But Gertrude assured him, there had been no definite suggestion whatever. All that Sir Jocelyn had desired was that such information should be conveyed to the canon as might explain the reason for the unexpected legacy.

"Sit down, my dear, sit down," cried the canon, waving a hand rather wildly at his wife who came in at that point. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish, Alice, a regular cock-and-bull kettle of fish! Here's Gertrude saying the money was left to her on condition she'd marry Oliver Gaunt."

"But," said Alice, giving her daughter a puzzled look as she took her customary chair, "on condition who should marry Oliver?"

"Why, Kate, Alice, Kate. Never in my life did I hear—"

"But Gertrude, dear, where did this idea come from?"

"I only heard it this morning, Mother," said Gertrude, who saw the need for defence, "and I only came over here because Sir Jocelyn asked me to do so."

"Monstrous!" ejaculated the canon, wiping his brow with a purple silk handkerchief. "The story is utterly monstrous."

"I was quite as astonished about it all as you and Father are. As far as I can gather, it was Aunt Eliza's idea,

and she told Sir Jocelyn, who told Oliver," Gertrude explained.

"Monstrous!" interjected the canon again.

"But what about Kate? asked Alice. "Does she know?"

"I have no idea, Mother."

"Let her be fetched!" cried the canon, waving his arms about. "Fetch Kate!"

When Kate entered the room the canon had recovered his judicial manner, and was able to signal her to a chair with some dignity. "Now, Kate," he began, removing his spectacles and twiddling them in his hand, "you may remember that I informed you yesterday that your Aunt Eliza had left her fortune to you?"

"Why, yes, Father, dear," answered Kate with a smile.

"So," said the canon, with the air of one intending to proceed methodically, point by point. "And this news was as much of a surprise to you as it was to myself?"

"Absolutely," said Kate.

"And you had no inkling, Kate—think before you answer—that the money had been left to you with some set purpose and intention: in short, with a view to coupling your name with—ah—with—"

"I'd be only too glad to have someone coupled with me."

"You misunderstand me, my dear child," said the canon. "I have been informed—I have no present means of testing the accuracy of the information that has been conveyed to me—that your aunt left you her fortune with the intention—should I say, rather, in the hope?—that you would—ah—consent to marry—prepare yourself, my dear child—that you would marry Mr. Oliver Gaunt."

There was a shout of joy from Kate, but the canon's disapproval of such indecorous behavior was diverted by the entry of Winifred with a telegram. "For you, Gert," she said, and closed the door behind her, determined not to be out of any fun that was going.

Gertrude read the message with a growing expression of puzzlement.

"May I see, dear?" Alice rose from her corner, took the telegram from her daughter and read it to herself. "Well!" she said. She passed it to her husband.

The canon adjusted his spectacles, rested his elbows on his desk, and held the telegram before him at arm's length, with hands that trembled slightly as he read.

"May I look, Father, dear?" said Kate, stealing up to look over his shoulder, followed by Winifred.

"'After discussion aunt julia if not committed suggest provision bayley girls avoid disappointment but leave it you jocelyn gaunt.'"

The only sound was a giggle from Kate. The canon blinked across at his wife. At length he spoke, "Am I in a madhouse, Alice?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Well," said Kate, seeing that no one seemed inclined to answer the canon's inquiry, "now I can dispose of the money without posing as a martyr, as Sir Jocelyn can take all the credit. The simplest way would be for all the nephews and nieces to share equally—four Gaunts, six Bayleys, and five of us, except that fifteen's a horrid number to divide by."

"But my dear girl," said the canon, in a soothing rather patronising tone, "you don't see to have grasped the fact that the whole of the money has been left in your disposal, and that means—"

"But that's just what I'm doing, Father. I'm disposing of it. I don't want to be an heiress, and I don't want to have money to which I feel I have no real right. Aunt Eliza would certainly have whipped it away from me as soon as I turned down Oliver—if it ever got as far as that. But I do want your advice as to how to divide it up."

Gertrude was much relieved by the turn that matters were taking. "I'd just like to say," she said, "that I would very much rather not take a share, and I am absolutely certain that Joss would, too. We shall have plenty of money one day—indeed, we have ample now—so please, please leave us out of your calculations. But it's very, very kind of you, Kate, dear."

"There you are, Kate," said the canon in triumph. "You see, my dear child, that handing out money in this reckless fashion is easier said than done. Everyone refuses."

"I don't," said the small voice of Winifred. "I'll gratefully take my share, because I know Kate wants me to."

"But," cried the canon, irritated once more, "you can't take other people's money in that way! It—it isn't done."

But Kate's will was as strong as his own, and the discussion was resolved into the question of who should be the beneficiaries. Abetted by his wife, the canon declared his intention of sending what he called a pretty smart reply to Sir Jocelyn, pointing out that any arrangement made would be the outcome of Kate's determination and not of the baronet's interference; while Gertrude was sworn to secrecy in order that Sir Jocelyn might be kept on tenterhooks for as long as possible.

"There's just one thing," murmured Winifred. "Don't forget poor Oliver. After all, he killed off Aunt Eliza."

JOHN MARKHAM raised his telescope, steadied it on a stanchion to counteract the roll of the ship, and looked towards the far shore. Golden sand he saw, and the spurs of the blue hills of Portugal. John had nothing to do but think, and out of the store of his memory the pictures tumbled in turn—little pictures of no moment and no meaning. A holiday at Brighton, and John could feel his shoes sticking to the hot asphalt of the promenade. The cricket field at school, and he was lying on his front under the shade of the big elm, waiting with beating heart for his turn to bat, with the taste of a daisy stalk in his mouth, and the yellow, sunlit figures moving to and fro on the enamelled turf.

Small beer such memories were, but small beer was John's life. He had never been very good at anything, or very bad, for that matter. He had entered the navy by his mother's wish, and had conducted himself, in the standard phrase, with sobriety and to the satisfaction of his commanding officers, and if luck were with him he would climb the ladder, soberly and satisfactorily, and step off, when their lordships commanded, into the company of the retired officers who haunted the dockyards and the service clubs. Not that he was without ambition; but at the moment he was feeling that ambition wouldn't

carry him far, and that two years—three years, it might be—of showing the flag in the far outposts of the world would sink him gently into oblivion.

He had not wanted to go abroad again yet a while; but whereas his chum Lindsay Wargrave would have kicked and struggled and pulled all the strings he knew to save himself, John had quietly pocketed his appointment to His Majesty's ship *Swallow* and packed his bag. And after all, there wasn't much to stay for, was there? He had sailed away from Mrs. Bayley's clutches for good, and couldn't feel that Mariana would sorrow for him long.

But what of Aston Kings?

He had written to Mrs. Wargrave—just a letter of thanks for his brief stay, and of sympathy on the death of her sister-in-law—and Kate had written for her mother to thank him and to say that she hoped he would come to see them again. He had wanted to write Kate of his appointment abroad, but in the meantime he had chanced on Lindsay at Portsmouth and had heard the story of Aunt Eliza's fortune, but not of Kate's subsequent div-

ision of her wealth, and a sense of delicacy had prevented him from writing. After all, he hardly knew Kate, and had no claim on her interest, and an heiress was obviously not for him. So he had forborne to write.

John walked along to his cabin, drew aside the curtain, and saw a little pile of letters on his desk, and on top of them a small, thin parcel, six inches long or so. He took it up curiously. Surely he knew the handwriting? He opened it, disclosing a cardboard box marked "Artist's Coloured Crayons." He removed the lid, and a comb fell out on the desk: a decent, comely, tortoise-shell gentleman's comb in prime condition. John gazed at the object in astonishment. There was some paper in the bottom, and he fished it out with a pencil. A letter.

DEAR Mr. Markham,

It distresses me to think of the number of weeks you must have been without a comb, unless of course you bought another one. This was found in your room after you had left, but in the excitement ("excitement" was crossed out, and "sorrow" substituted) of Aunt Eliza's death the matter got overlooked.

[But I didn't leave a comb there, said John to himself.]

I hope you haven't overlooked your hair as a result.

Mrs. Bayley was over here the other day. She was very anxious to know where you had got to, and when I said that it was either the West Indies or the East Indies she was positively desolated; as she had expected you to be still at Portsmouth. She is evidently very devoted to you.

[John scratched his head thoughtfully and continued the letter.]

We have no news from Lindsay, so assume that he is still comfortable in the Channel Fleet, where last heard of. Winifred has gone up to London to start a new job as secretary to an actor-manager. She is full of hope that she has found her life's work, but as she admits that she can't act and she can't manage, I'm rather expecting to see her back before long. I hope so, as she is good company. Meanwhile, as the daughter-at-home, I am doing the housekeeping for Mamma, which is considered good practice in case I ever have to do it for myself, which seems unlikely at present as there have been no applications for my services.

How is the golf, or is it all cricket now? I did our nine holes—objects, I mean—in 111 the other day and have decided to call that bogey for the course, as it's such a nice, easy number to remember, and I've always wanted to be a scratch golfer.

Yours very sincerely,
KATE WARGRAVE

P. S. If you write to thank me for my kindness, do tell us all your news.

P. P. S. I will pass it—or should it be "them"?—on to Mrs. Bayley: your news, I mean. Or not?

John read the letter again, then took up the comb. He moved to the mirror.

"What on earth are you doing, John?" said a voice at the door a few minutes later. "Aren't you going to shift into coaling gear?"

"Yes," said John, "I'm combing my hair preparatory to doing so."

"I say, old man," persisted the voice, "are you—are you all right?"

"Quite all right, thank you," said John.

At last the long day was over, the decks had been washed down, and the ship was quiet. John sat in his cabin reading the letter he had just written. He was sending back the comb, trusting that the rightful owner would be found; but he decided to add a postscript:

If you find anything else lying about that might belong to me, please send it out for my inspection. I will refund postage from now on.

IT WAS a curse, this moving south, for it meant moving away from the mail, and the mail was what John had come to live for. So far Kate had answered his letters as punctually as he had answered hers. In her last one she had described Christmas at Aston Kings:

I did quite well for presents. From the parents I got a dear little blue enamel watch to pin on my front; a mashie from Grev, chosen and so far paid for by me, but I am dunning him hopefully; a card with the ship's crest from Lin—I having sent him a leather stud box with his initials on, if you please! Do men really use stud boxes? And Win and I exchanged hats. We've since exchanged them back again, as I much preferred my own. I did a bit of reminiscing over the bells on New Year's morning.

Lin got home for the Hunt Ball and Mrs. Bayley's dance. The Hunt Ball was just a family party—not as exciting as the time you went! In fact, I shall certainly remember the Bayleys' dance much longer, because the floor got very sticky, and one of my shoes came off during a polka and was left high and dry in the middle of the floor at the end of the dance, and that odious old Aunt Bébé got very playful about Cinderella. By the way, do you remember calling me Cinderella? Probably not.

Grev has been finally hooked—guess who by? Mariana Bayley! I don't much like to think of Ma Bayley's shadow falling on Aston Kings, as it surely will. But if you will write and tell me that your heart is not broken, I think I shall be able to view the matter with equanimity.

I'm learning quite a lot about the geography of South America from your travels, I had no idea it had such a long, thin, curly tail.

Yours very sincerely,
KATE WARGRAVE.

That evening John sat down at the writing table in his cabin to answer. DEAR MISS WARGRAVE, he began, then tore up the sheet and started again.

DEAR Kate,

Of course I remember calling you Cinderella, and what's more I remember your answer, which you probably don't. It's funny how little things stick in one's mind.

Perhaps they're really the big things. Who picked up your shoe at the Bayleys' dance, and what sort of dress were you wearing, please? So glad about Mariana. What a thrill for Mrs. B.! Glad you're learning your geography. If you look close you'll see South America's got a split in the tail, and we're going through the split next.

THREE Christmases abroad, and then at length their lordships of the admiralty commanded that His Majesty's ship *Swallow,* being in all respects ready for every possible contingency and emergency, should return to Plymouth to pay off in the following June.

John heard from Kate at Gibraltar, but when she wrote she had not got the news of the *Swallow's* return. She had often implied in her letters that he would be visiting Aston Kings when he came home, but there had been no definite invitation; and now, with the time so near, all John's innate modesty and shyness began to possess him once more. Then came a note:

DEAR JOHN,

What marvelous news! If you can spare the time, Mother says she hopes you will "propose yourself." It will be very dull for you here, as it's only Ma, Pa, Win, and me, but we can play tennis and go on picnics and so on. Do come if you can.

Yours in haste,
KATE

P. S. You could go over and see the Bayleys if you were bored.

FINE and warm, and the bishop walking to church at Witham Darcy with Mrs. Bayley on his arm and the Misses Serena and Miranda Bayley as prim rear guard, the only disposable articles left on their mother's marriage stall. And soon, if all went well, she would be free to concentrate on the final effort of getting Miranda off. For dear Serena's little affair must surely come to a head quite soon. Mr. Tod was modest, and rightly so, considering the blood of the Gaunts, and to a lesser degree of the Bayleys, which ran in dear Serena's veins; but if necessary the bishop could give Mr. Tod a hint—ask him his intentions, and that should settle that.

Fine and warm, and Canon and Mrs. Wargrave, arm in arm, walking to church, in and out of the dappled sun and shade of the sturdy limes, with the church bells pealing down the long arcade of the avenue at Aston Kings. The canon, for all his sixty-five years, can step out briskly enough, and Winifred, on his other side, hobbles along as best she can in the newly fashionable narrow skirt, anxious lest she fall behind. For bringing up the rear are Kate and John Markham.

It was the Sunday following John's arrival home. He had spent a few days with his mother at Southsea, and had come to Aston Kings in time for dinner on the previous evening. During the meal he had sat next to Kate, but after dessert the canon had plied his guest with so much port wine and so many questions as to the state of the world in general and of the countries that John had visited in particular, that it had been almost bedtime when the gentlemen had joined the ladies in the drawing room. And now that for a few minutes John had Kate to himself, his shyness overcame him, and he walked almost tongue-tied, with Kate unusually silent by his side.

In silence they filed into the front pew on the north side of the aisle, in silence they knelt, in silence they rose. John on rising from his knees was able to make a discreet survey with hardly a movement of the head. He noticed the plump little woman in the grey hat in the pew across the aisle. At that moment she turned her head and their eyes met. Mariana! There but for the grace of God—who was the old Johnnie who said that?

In the afternoon the canon pounced on John for a walk. John liked the canon, who was the most friendly of men, and found him good enough company, but he yearned for a talk with Kate. At teatime the canon began to muster the company for evening service. Kate was a little tired, and thought she wouldn't go. "And our guest." John hesitated and glanced at Kate. "I think perhaps I won't go this evening, sir." "Very well, my friend. Now you'd like something to read while we are out, I'm sure," and John was bustled off to the bookshelves in the canon's study. "I recommend the armchair with its back to the window to give you the best of the light."

Ten minutes later, book in hand, John tiptoed out. In the library he found Kate.

"Would it be all right if I came and read in here?" he asked.

"Yes, of course it would," said Kate. "I've got the best chair, but you can have the next best, opposite me."

John sat down, opened his book mechanically, and pretended to read. The only sound in the world seemed to be the beating of his heart. He wanted to speak to Kate, but could not bring himself to start.

"What's the book?" she asked finally.

John noticed that he was holding the book upside down, inverted it hastily, and read the title. "It's called *The Origin of Species,* by—by Charles Darwin. What's yours?"

"*Persuasion,*" said Kate.

"What's it about?"

"It's about a man and a girl who are in love with one another."

"Sounds interesting," commented John.

"The man was a naval officer," Kate added.

"Oh?" John looked up quickly, but Kate's eyes were bent on her book.

Five minutes passed, and then Kate spoke again. "Don't you think it's rather stuffy in here?"

"Well, I can't say I'd noticed it," said John unhelpfully. "All the windows are open."

Another pause. Then Kate looked up! "I think I shall take a stroll in the park."

John's book closed with a plop. "May I come?"

"Yes, do," answered Kate. "I'll just put on my hat."

THEY went out into the evening sunshine and reached the top of a hill with hardly a word. Kate sat down with her back against the trunk of a pine. John seated himself a good two yards away.

"Kate," he said at length, "I don't know if you have any—well—any idea what I would like to say to you, or whether. . . ."

A pause. "I—I don't know," she said with a smile.

John turned his head slowly to look at her. "And do you know at all what answer you would give me? I mean . . . I don't know what. . . ." His speech trailed off.

Kate gave a little swallow, and smiled again. "Well, it depends on the question, doesn't it? I mean—supposing you asked me . . ."

"Asked you what?" urged John.

"Well, just suppose, for instance . . . Oh, John, do say something! Just suppose, as an example, that one was asked to—well, for instance—to marry somebody, then—Oh, John, was that the question?"

"Yes, Kate, it was," said John solemnly.

"Why, then," said Kate, "I suppose it would depend on who the someone was."

"But you know, Kate, you know!" cried John.

"Well, if it's the person I think it is, I think perhaps I might say yes."

"Oh, Kate!" was all John said, but it seemed to be enough.

An hour later they were still there, though Kate had said two or three times that they must go.

"You know," John was saying, "If you hadn't found that comb that time and thought it was mine, you would never have written to me, and if you hadn't written I don't believe this would ever have happened."

He was holding both Kate's hands, weaving his fingers in and out of hers with a strange new sense of possession.

"John, darling," she said with a smile, "I think that what I really like about you is your simplicity."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked John.

"That comb you were talking about," said Kate.

"Well, what about the comb?"

"I bought it."

John considered the implications of Kate's confession. "I see," he said at length. "So you've been chasing me all these years. I don't wonder you felt you must clinch the matter by proposing to me. You must have been getting desperately anxious."

"Not really," said Kate. "Once I'd got you out of Mother Bayley's clutches, I thought I could manage the rest. But I always knew you'd need a bit of encouragement."

"Well, I certainly didn't get it from others," said John. "Old Mother Bayley told me you were as good as engaged to what's-his-name—and then, when you were left all that money by your aunt—Lindsay told me at the time, and I felt that it put you right out of my reach. I still feel that with you so rich and I—"

"But John, dear," interrupted Kate, "I gave it nearly all away. Most of it went to a Home for Cats kept by Mrs. Bayley."

"But—but I had no idea Mrs. Bayley was the sort of person who'd run a Cats' Home! I should have thought she had all her work cut out to look after her own family."

"Oh, John, you are the sweetest, simplest person I've ever met. But as long as you don't mind my not being an heiress—"

"But I haven't said I don't mind," said John. "It naturally alters the whole complexion of things. I very much doubt if I should have accepted you if I had known."

"John, you aren't . . . oh, I see: you're being funny. I must make a note of how you look when you're being funny. Two little lines down the sides of the mouth. Now smile properly . . . yes, I know that one. Now be funny . . ."

"Look here," said John, "I'm not going to sit here making faces for your benefit . . . I say—" John's gaze was directed over Kate's head toward the avenue—"is that them coming back from church?"

"Heavens, yes!" said Kate. "Pull me up, John . . ."

As they went down the hill, she clutched at his arm to steady herself. "John," she said, "I feel that we've done things a little bit—well, a little bit irregularly so far. But I do like things done properly, so I want you to speak to Father tonight. After supper, I suggest, when you'll both be nice and full and comfortable."

"Must I?" said John reluctantly. "Couldn't you get him to speak to me—ask me my intentions, or something?"

"No, certainly not. He doesn't know you've got any intentions. I'm sure you'll do it very nicely. But don't be too modest. And if he asks about finance, just slur it over, see?"

"Yes, I see," said John thoughtfully. "I'll do the best I can."

THE canon was in high good humour at the supper table.

"And now," he said, stepping over to the sideboard as the ladies left the room after the meal, "I think you said you liked my '47 port. And how did you get on with Darwin?"

John hesitated. He had forgotten all about Darwin. "Well," he said, "I—I was very interested, but I didn't get very far, because Kate suggested a walk, and—"

"Now that book was published when I was still at Eton," pursued the canon, "and I well remember my father saying . . ." He rattled on happily, with John conscientiously seeking opportunities for intervention, yet not sorry to postpone the ordeal. "Now why do rabbits have white on their tails?" declaimed the canon. "Have you ever thought of that, my friend?"

"As a matter of fact," put in John hastily, "I was thinking of it when Kate and I went out this evening. We went up that little hill, and—"

"Up King's Hill?" said the canon. "And saw plenty of rabbits, I'll warrant you."

"There were plenty there," said John, "but we didn't take much notice of them because—"

"Looking at the view, I daresay? It's always supposed to be a bad thing not to be able to see the wood for the trees, but it's just as bad not to be able to see the trees for the wood, eh? Now I've always tried to bring my children up to be observant—"

"I should say Kate's quite observant, isn't she, sir?"

"Kate, eh?" said the canon, wondering mildly why Kate had floated into the conversation. "Oh, ah, yes, quite: quite, I should say. Now take the giraffe's spots . . ."

He chatted away for another ten minutes before he paused; but just as John was mustering courage to break in with his own topic, his host rose from the table. "My wife was reproaching me for the way we sat over the port last night, and we must not offend the ladies again. But I'm glad to have had our little talk—very glad."

John rose with his host. "As a matter of fact, sir," he stammered, "I was particularly anxious to—to have a talk with you, because—"

"Good!" cried the canon. "Good! It's certainly a fascinating subject, as you'll find when you get further into the book. After you, my boy, after you," and John entered the drawing room.

Kate was sitting on the floor near her mother, with an arm on the sofa. As John walked across the room, Kate rose, and Mrs. Wargrave said with a smile, "Why don't you two go out in the garden?"

Kate led the way to a rustic seat and John sat beside her and put an arm around her shoulders.

"After you've finished licking my ear—" she began.

"I wasn't licking," murmured John.

"Tell me what Father said, John, darling. What did he ask?"

"Well, he asked if I knew why rabbits had white tails—"

"John," she said quickly, "are you—are you all right? I mean . . ."

"I've never been more so, Kate, dear," he said. "We were discussing Darwin, you see."

"Darwin?" cried Kate. "But John, didn't you talk about us?"

"I kept on bringing us into the conversation, Kate, but he just went straight back to Darwin and wouldn't listen to me at all . . . I'm most awfully sorry, Kate, dear."

Kate stroked John's hand. "I shall have to see whether I shall forgive you or not," she said. "Meanwhile, of course, I was explaining the whole state of affairs to Mamma in the drawing room. She thought it a bit sudden, but apparently she'd anticipated something of the sort happening some day, and for some reason she rather likes you, John, dear."

"And what about your sister?"

"Oh, Win found out years ago, of course."

"Years before I did, in fact?" said John. "But won't they have told your father by now?"

"I don't know," said Kate. "They'll have found out that you didn't tell him, of course, but Mamma may consider it more tactful to let him find out for himself. We have prayers and a hymn in the drawing room at ten o'clock on Sunday evenings, and I'll try and discover from Mamma how the land lies."

MEANWHILE the canon and his wife had been in secret conclave in the drawing room. When he had first entered the room the canon had seated himself in an armchair and picked up the *Athenaeum*. He had glanced over the top of his spectacles at John and Kate as they retreated across the lawn, and had then seemed to take up his reading in earnest. But when Winifred had left the room on some pretext, the canon had placed the *Athenaeum* on his knees, removed his spectacles, looked across at his wife, and cleared his throat.

"Ahem, Alice, my dear," he said, "I wouldn't have mentioned it in Winifred's presence, but has it ever occurred to you that there may be a danger of—of our young friend out there becoming attached to—ah—to Kate? I noticed that you—ah—you sent them out of doors together."

Alice realized that the situation was delicate and would require careful handling. If she blurted out that John and Kate already considered themselves engaged, the canon would naturally be incensed that his permission had not been sought. On the other hand, if she feigned ignorance of the matter, and the canon subsequently discovered that she had known all about it, the position would again be awkward. If only John had spoken to the canon after supper, as Kate had said he was doing . . . or if only she herself had whispered her suspicions to her husband. She had not done so because she had no idea that matters were so far advanced, and she had felt it better that the canon should, so to speak, get used to having John about the house before being asked to welcome him as a son-in-law. So Alice hesitated for a moment before looking up at her husband with a smile.

"Mothers are always matchmakers, aren't they, William?" she replied evasively.

"Of course," went on the canon, whose conversation generally pursued his own train of thought till forcibly removed, "there's probably nothing in it. All I feel is that our young friend is obviously the sort of man by whom a girl might be attracted, and I thought that perhaps a word of warning to Kate before it is too late—"

"But would you think it necessary to warn Kate, William, dear? He seems a very nice young man, and—"

"I'm not saying he's not," replied the canon, rolling up the *Athenaeum* and tapping it lightly on his knee to emphasize his words. "I like the boy very much—he and I had a most interesting talk on protective coloration just now—but I have always understood from Lindsay that he is penniless, and that being so I could naturally not give my consent to his marrying Kate. We asked him here, as I understand it, merely as a means of showing a kindness to a friend of Lindsay's . . . However, I don't want to take too serious a view of matters. Even if there were anything in it, things can't have gone very far yet a while. All I meant, Alice, was that just a word in season to Kate—"

"But supposing I found that she liked him, William?" put in Alice.

"Why, then," rapped out the canon, "I should have to put my foot down, that's all. But as I was saying—"

The door opened, and Winifred entered the room.

"A very interesting article," said the canon, checking himself in mid course. He waved the *Athenaeum* at his wife and gave her as near an approach to a wink as a canon could be expected to give. "Very interesting. You ought to read it, my dear."

The lamps were lit in the drawing room, and the moths were fluttering in at the open windows. The mid-summer glow was fading out of the western sky, and the shrubbery across the lawn was illumined by the lights of the house. The canon glanced with some apprehension at the dark rectangle of the French window. It would certainly be as well for Alice to speak to Kate, he thought. Chickwood entered the room, arranged a row of chairs along the inner wall, placed a hymnbook on each chair, and retired in silence. The canon glanced at the Dresden clock on the mantelpiece. Five minutes to ten: it was to be hoped those two would return in time for prayers; their absence would be marked by the household. The canon began to fuss. Where had they got to? Had anything happened to them? Out in the garden in the pitch dark! Very well, then, will you play the piano, Winifred? What hymn did you say? But where have those two got to? The clock in the hall struck ten, and the drawing-room door opened, and the plump black figure of Miss Magee, the seamstress, appeared leading the servants in to prayers. At the same time Kate stepped lightly in through the French window followed by John, who remained standing just inside the room while Kate moved over to the piano, took a hymnbook, and returned to John's side. "Plenty of hymnbooks," muttered the canon, with a suspicious glance at John; then gave out the number of the hymn.

His wife sang the words mechanically, wrestling with her problem as she did so.

WHEN prayers were finished Alice stepped over to the corner of the room where Kate and John were standing. "I must really go out for a breather," she said, and as she spoke she gave a surreptitious signal to Kate and John to follow her outside. Out of earshot from the drawing room, she spoke quickly. "Father knows nothing," she said. "John proposed this evening—after supper—in the garden. Is that understood? Kate, you are going to take me aside and tell me all about it now, do you see? And John is going with Father into the study for a drink, and has got to ask his permission to marry Kate. Do you understand, John? Father will say it's quite impossible, but after about ten minutes Kate and I will come along to the study and I will arrange the rest if I see that you two need any help.'

The outline of the canon appeared in the French window. "Alice, my dear," he called, "I think it's time you came in."

In due course Alice turned the handle of the door and entered the study, followed by her daughter.

"He was perfectly right," the canon was saying, "to emphasize the essential purity of the Early English style. . . . Hullo, dear, I thought you'd all gone to bed. We have been discussing Ruskin, and I was just saying—"

John rose from his chair, strode across the room, and put a hand on Kate's arm. "Please, sir," he said, and his grip tightened, "I want to marry Kate."

There was silence, while the canon slowly swivelled his chair round so that he faced them. "May I ask," he said at length, "whether you have put this—er—proposition to my daughter Kate?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I have."

Alice Wargrave walked across the room in the silence that followed John's answer, and sat down in her usual chair. She felt that her opinion would have more weight if she avoided all suspicion of having been in the conspiracy.

"And may I ask you, Kate, what answer you gave to this—" the canon avoided the word proposal with intention—"this proposition?"

"Yes, Father, dear. I told John that I wanted to marry him."

The canon removed his spectacles. Then he put them

on again and cleared his throat. "I must confess," he said, "that there appears to me to be a certain show of haste in this matter. So far as I know—"

"But, sir," broke in John, daring for once to interrupt the canon, "I've meant to marry Kate for eleven years—if she'd have me, that's to say."

"I think it's only ten and a half years, John," put in Kate.

"But—but—" stammered the canon, "you've hardly ever met one another. You don't know one another. You—you—"

John was emboldened by the feel of Kate's arm. "I know Kate well enough, sir," he said, "to be quite sure that she can make me happy, and . . . and I believe I can make her happy, too."

The canon knew that there could be only one result to the contest, but felt that it was his duty not to give up the struggle yet a while.

"My dear young friend," he said, "I am in duty bound to ask you whether you have the means to support a wife and—ah—a possible family?"

"Well, sir," said John, "I know I have practically nothing to offer Kate except my pay—nothing in the way of money, I mean, but . . . well, I've waited nearly eleven years, and . . . well, sir, she wants to marry me, too. You do, don't you, Kate?" John realized that his defence had been weak, and after glancing at Kate and seeing her nod he turned back again and gazed rather solemnly at the canon.

"Alice," the canon said, "you have not spoken yet. I should value your—" he was going to say "support," but

realized that he would not get it—"your opinion in the matter."

Alice Wargrave smiled back at her husband. "Well, dear," she said, "all this has seemed to come rather suddenly on both of us, hasn't it? But as they seem to have quite made up their minds, I think that all we can do is accept the fact that John isn't exactly a millionaire, and give him a very warm welcome into our family."

There was nothing for the canon to do but to give in with a good grace. Alice was by now standing beside her husband's chair, and as he finished speaking she bent over to kiss the top of his head. "Come up now, William," she said, "and you and I will talk about it upstairs." Then she turned to John and Kate. "And if you two want to say good night to one another there's a lamp in the library; and don't forget to put it out when you come up."

And while John and Kate were saying their long good night, the clock of Witham Darcy Church sounded midnight and Mrs. Bayley still sat before her mirror pensively brushing her greying locks. Mr. Tod had been to supper, and Serena had been practically offered to him in so many words, but still he held back. Reserves must be called up.

"Did I tell you, Percy," said Mrs. Bayley in her measured tones, "that John Markham is staying at Aston Kings? I think I shall ask him over here for a week or so."

But the bishop, lying comfortably in their bed, reading a novel, merely grunted.

"JUST as I was preparing their autumns," the Wargraves' seamstress said, not for the first time, to Mrs. Chickwood over the steaming teapot, "with Madam's visit to Scotland arranged, and the tweeds chosen and bought, and Madam's skirt actually cut out, if you'll believe me, Mrs. Chickwood, and then what am I told? I am told that the autumns is off and it's to be wedding. Yes, indeed, you could have knocked me down, and only eleven weeks' engagement, Mrs. Chickwood, when the major and Miss Gertrude, with nothing to wait for, allowed me five months clear."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Chickwood in a comfortable sort of way, sipping at her tea, "I meself likes a proper young gentleman as don't want to wait for his bride, and if all's true that's said, young Mr. Markham's waited long enough, bless his heart."

John had remained at Aston Kings for ten days after his engagement, but after that time his duties prevented him from seeing Kate until the eve of the wedding. He and his mother arrived at the Hall at teatime on that day. Kate rose to greet them from a sea of chattering guests, but after tea she touched John on the arm and led him out.

They went down the stone steps into the Wild Garden and sat down among the bracken. John lit a cigarette to keep the midges at bay.

"It's queer, isn't it?" mused Kate, leaning back with her elbows on the ground. "I mean . . . well, here are you and I today, quite separate and apart, but tomorrow . . ." She paused, still looking ahead of her and away from John.

"But you don't mind, Kate, dear?" said John earnestly. "Now that it's come, do please say that you don't mind."

"With anyone else I couldn't bear it," said Kate. "But with you, John, dear, well, I more than don't mind—much, much more."

"Tell me that again," whispered John, putting a hand round Kate's wrist. "Go on telling me, Kate, dear, only put it in better grammar next time."

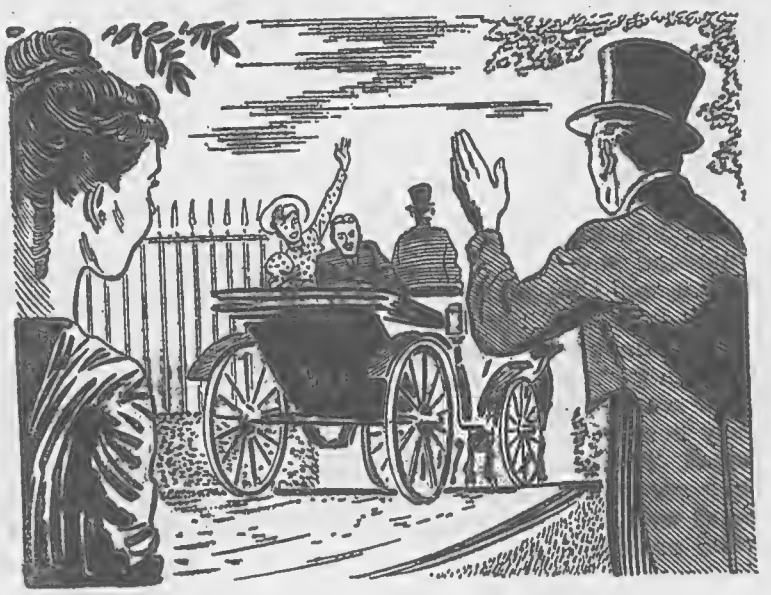
"I shan't say it at all if you complain about my grammar," said Kate. "And John, blow some smoke over my ankles, will you? I'm getting bitten."

The sun went down in all its glory, and night fell on Aston Kings. John spent the night at the Rectory, and woke early. For an instant the strangeness of the room nonplussed him, then consciousness flooded in upon him. He was to be married to Kate that very day. He threw off the bedclothes, tumbled out of bed, walked to the window, and drew aside the curtain. Away at the end of the drive, the front of the Hall showed white among the trees, while to the right the parkland gently rose to the bracken-clad hillside, crowned with its ring of pines.

The church clock struck seven, and the milk cart rattled along the lane and away to the left and down the hill, and was lost between the tall hedges. A blackbird sang; a cock crowed; a dog barked; a pail clattered in the yard; heavy steps in top boots rang hollow on the brick paving.

John stood for a few minutes more at the window, then drew the curtain across again and got back into bed. Was Kate awake, he wondered, then smiled as he thought that he would be able to see for himself tomorrow morning whether Kate was awake or not. He lay in bed thinking of her, and wondering whether she was thinking of him. Probably not; she'd got all the wedding to think of. The homely, comfortable sounds of the waking house joined in the symphony: brooms bumped, boots squeaked, curtain rings rattled along a pole. Then a tap at John's door, and the cheerful tinkle of the tea tray, and the drawing of the curtains by the maid in her neat print dress: she would bring his shaving water, and, if you please, sir, the milkman says it's going to be a fine day.

He rose and shaved: the best shave there'd ever been, he thought with satisfaction, as he drew his fingertips across his smooth cheeks and chin. His best man, Lindsay



Wargrave, came for him after breakfast, and they walked back together to the Hall. They were met in the porch by Winifred, carrying a pair of button boots.

"What on earth are you doing with those, Win?" Lindsay asked.

"I'm just carrying them about with me. Nobody knows whom they belong to."

"But where did you find them?"

"Under the grand piano in the drawing room."

"Perhaps they're a wedding present," said John hopefully.

"I don't think so," said Winifred. "They're badly down at heel. Would you mind relieving me of them, Lin?"

"But what shall I do with them?"

"Oh, put them back under the grand piano if you like. Somebody may call for them."

"Have you seen Kate?" asked John.

"Yes, about ten minutes ago. But you can't possibly see her now, you know, John. The bride and bridegroom always have to be kept apart on their wedding day, though it seems to me a bit late to be modest. You're supposed to come as a complete surprise to one another in the church. You know, Hullo, Kate. I've just explained to John that he can't possibly see you."

THE morning wore away, and the sun climbed round to the west side of the old church tower, and John and Lindsay proceeded to the church. The guests were arriving, and the ushers were at work. Alice Wargrave, every inch the bride's mother, sailed into the front pew on the north side of the aisle, followed by Mariana, Gertrude, and Joss; and John's mother and a maiden aunt took their seats in the opposite pew. Sir Jocelyn and Lady Gaunt were ushered into the second pew on the north side, and were followed into the pew behind by Uncle Toby and Aunt Serena, while Aunt Bébé was wheeled up the aisle in a Bath chair and ensconced under the shadow of the pulpit.

From her vantage point Aunt Bébé beckoned to John with a skinny finger. John stepped across the aisle, feeling that the eyes of the whole congregation were upon him. The old countess stretched forth a trembling hand and laid it on his arm.

"You are happy, my young friend, yes?" she said in a loud whisper. "But I see you blush." John murmured something inarticulate, smiled politely, then freed himself from the old lady's grasp and tiptoed back to his place.

Mrs. Bayley swept slowly forward up the aisle, preceded by a couple of ushers and followed by the bishop, Serena Bayley, and Mr. Tod. Reaching the third pew from the front, Mrs. Bayley made a dignified obeisance towards the east end, which somehow gave the impression that the Almighty had taken off his hat to her and she was acknowledging the courtesy. Then she turned and passed into the pew beside Uncle Toby, followed by the bishop, who began edging up to make room for Serena.

This, however, was not in accordance with Mrs. Bayley's desires. There was room for one more in the pew, and there was room for one in the pew behind. But not for nothing had Mrs. Bayley led Mr. Tod to the slaughter; not for nothing had she borne him, an unwilling victim, in her own carriage to the wedding. Mr. Tod and Serena were to be exhibited in one another's company to the general public and to the parishioners of Aston Kings, and into the pew behind were Mr. Tod and Serena to go.

So when Mrs. Bayley felt the small form of the bishop barging her down the pew, she gathered up her strength and slowly, gracefully, but quite definitely barged the bishop back again to the end of the pew. Then, with a swan-like motion of the head, she indicated that her daughter and Mr. Tod were to enter the pew behind.

She paused for an instant, head over shoulder, to see that her orders were understood, then turned to the front once more, sank to her knees with a rustling of skirts, and bowed her head in devotion to her Maker.

And now the ushers tiptoed to their seats, and John looked out of the corners of his eyes over the heads of the congregation to the sunlit patch at the west doorway. It was very still, and he could hear the cawing of the rooks from the Rectory garden, and could feel the beating of his heart. Then a stirring down by the west door, and a heaving and a pumping by the organ blowers, and John's gaze fixed on a purple saint in a window light, then on a red-haired choirboy, then on Mrs. Bayley's blue hat, stage properties in some inconsequent dream.

Then, half waking, half asleep, he found himself by the side of Kate, a strange and solemn-seeming Kate, whose face he couldn't see, with the gentle, deep-toned voice of the bishop murmuring the time-honoured words.

Now John had Kate's hand in his, and was repeating the words after the bishop . . . They knelt, and rose and walked together to the altar, and John wanted to speak to Kate, to hear her laugh, to make sure that she was really the Kate he knew. Then into the vestry they went with the crowding, and the chatter let loose as though from the lifting of a spell, and Kate's much-loved face at last looking up to his with the smile he knew so well and the tears he had never seen before.

"Don't forget, John, that you've got to smile all the way home, whatever you're feeling like." John was laughing now, in sheer relief. "Not, not like that," Kate was saying. "You could never keep it up . . . Like you do when you're trying to be funny. That's better: cheerful but subdued . . . And John, take me slowly down the aisle, as if you valued me, see? Not as if you were going round the golf course and I was a bag of clubs . . ."

Down the aisle, and out into the sunlit churchyard, and into the waiting landau, white ribbons on the whip and horses' heads. The groom laid a rug over their knees, and John felt for Kate's hand under the rug. The church bells were ringing a chime, startling the company of swallows circling round the sunlit tower, and they were driving slowly down the lane.

"What do the bells remind you of, John?" asked Kate.

"My good resolution," said John with a smile.

"You've been very faithful," said Kate gently.

"Oh, well," said John, deprecating her praise.

"Supposing you'd told me then that you liked me," said Kate meditatively, "all those years ago, I mean."

"I should think I'd been had up for baby-snatching," answered John.

The gates of the park were reached, and out of the shafts came the horses and into the charge of the groom, and off rumbled and swayed the carriage down the avenue under tow of the tenants, John and Kate smiling their best as though it were the mode of travel they would have chosen before all others. The carriage rolled up to the porch, and through the cool hall, and on through the open door and into the drawing room.

"Quick, John, those boots!" cried Kate, and John dived under the piano. Alice Wargrave's voice was heard from the hall. "Good afternoon, Lady Adela . . . Yes, they're in the drawing room, and the presents are in the library . . ."

And Kate's voice: "Yes, I'm sorry, but my husband's left me already. He's putting a pair of boots in the top of the piano . . . oh, no, not his boots . . . oh, here he is. John, you know Lady Adela Cubbone . . ."

In view of the press of visitors waiting upon the bride and bridegroom, Mrs. Bayley had announced to her party that they would inspect the presents before passing into the drawing room, but on reaching the library she found that Mr. Tod had evaded all her vigilance and had broken adrift. It was most surprising, for he had been with them a moment ago. Ah, there were Joss and Gertrude! Had they seen Mr. Tod? Well, ah, yes, Joss was saying, Tod had just gone into the drawing room with—ah—with . . .

MRS. BAYLEY edged towards the drawing-room door and looked over the heads of the people in the queue. There, halfway toward the bride and bridgroom, was the back of Mr. Tod's head, and by his side there was a hat—a bridesmaid's hat! Now Mr. Tod and his companion had reached their goal. With a supreme effort Mrs. Bayley clawed herself forward so that she was within earshot.

"Win, darling," Kate was saying, "you two must come and stand by us and see how it's done, mustn't they, John? It's really quite easy, you know."

Mrs. Bayley stood transfixed. Then with a supreme effort she collected her faculties, turned in the direction of the door, and bore down upon the advancing company, pressing back here, jostling there, scattering bishops to right and colonels to left, and finally gaining the hall.

So out on the lawn in the sunlight, with the crowd parting to make way for them, and a popping of corks, and John unsheathing his sword and poising the point on the cake and raising Kate's hand to the hilt; and the bubbling of champagne; and the canon rapping excitedly on a trestle table with a large spoon, then holding his hands aloft to command silence; and Joss rather red in the face, fiddling with his stock, and placing his white top hat in an icepail, proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom.

Half an hour later John was up in Lindsay's bedroom changing into plain clothes, with Lindsay casting discarded garments about the floor, and Chickwood picking them up again, brushing them, and folding them.

"You had left your hat and shoes at the Rectory, sir," Mr. Chickwood was saying with a quiet satisfaction. "I had them fetched this afternoon, sir."

"Chickwood, you're a marvel," said John. "I don't know what I'd have done without you."

This was just what Mr. Chickwood didn't know either, but he was too polite to say so.

"Lindsay, what's the time? My hair? Oh, very well, then; I'll brush it. See how Kate's getting on, Lindsay. I think we ought to be off."

There was Kate, out on the landing, shaking hands with Mrs. Chickwood, turning to put her hand on John's arm. Then down the stairs together, and through the hall, and into the porch, and out on to the steps, and all the goodbyes said, and Kate handed to her seat and John in the seat beside her; and the open landau wheeling slowly round the sweep of the drive, and Kate's last words shouted across the gravel:

"Win, darling, there's a pair of button boots in the top of the grand piano!"

And now the landau has turned into the avenue, and the horses have broken into a trot, and John and Kate are kneeling up on the seat, looking back and waving.

THE END.

Purple 395 11/16/46

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

THROUGH PURPLE GLASS, by **Letitia Preston Osborne** is the entertaining story of a group of people who lived in an apartment house facing Boston Common. One of the people was Myrtle Chisholm, a plump and charming widow, whose natural inclinations had been irrevocably hampered by her marriage to the late Mr. Chisholm of the Boston Chisholms. Myrtle could no longer romp, uninhibited, with traveling salesmen, for the memory of her years of respectability was too strong. As she told herself mournfully, "'Mr. Chisholm ruined me. I was a lady so long I can't have a real good time any more. You get so used to acting like a lady, you almost get to be one.'"

Letitia Osborne

But Myrtle's training as a lady was the factor that saved forty-odd-year-old James Ballentine Strudwick, the third, from the tyranny of his mother, Mrs. James Ballentine Strudwick, Jr.

Among the other occupants of the apartment house were the Warren sisters, Miss Nellie, the pretty one, and Miss Myra, the dreadful one. The Warrens were old ladies who had come down in the world, but while Miss Nellie cheerfully made friends in the Common, Miss Myra hourly grew further inward and more hateful.

And there was gentle Mr. Bartram who had turned night into day so that he would have no interruptions in his work on his Grammar.

Letitia Preston Osborne has portrayed each of her characters with rare fidelity and in Myrtle Chisholm she has created one of the most delightful middle-aged females in fiction.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. Price $2.50.

SIX CURTAINS FOR NATASHA, by **Caryl Brahms** and **S. J. Simon** is the happy saga of a ballet company. The book merrily kids ballet as ballet director Vladimir Stroganoff tells the story of his promise to his young wife: *i.e,* that she will have six curtain calls.

Light and gay, Six Curtains trips along backstage in imperial Russia while ballerinas shriek with anger or weep with happiness. There is Vladimir's *papoushka* and his *grandpapoushka,* come from Omsk to see their progeny's success and also to watch over his expenditures of the family fortune. And last but not least there is Natasha's *mamoushka,* as determined a ballet-mama as ever lived.

Six Curtains will delight balletomanes while it enchants the lay reader, for the Ballet Stroganoff is a wonderfully rollicking and temperamental company.

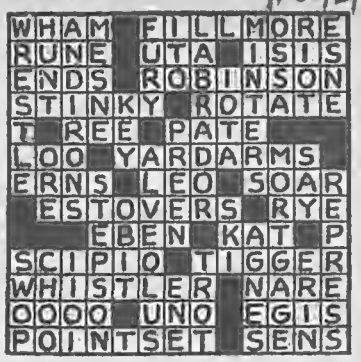
J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. Price $2.

THE sad case of the couple on honeymoon in a cottage with a glass living-room wall illustrates **Dan Cooper's** belief, from which grew **Inside Your Home,** that a house should be designed to serve its occupants' way of living. The author's experience has convinced him that the average person's taste is good. A schoolgirl who, out of several thousand, won the prize for redecorating her family's three-room flat, wasn't interested in art. "I just thought about what I wanted," Sally said. This is an excellent and practical guide to attractive home-making.

Farrar, Straus and Company, New York. Price $3.95.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



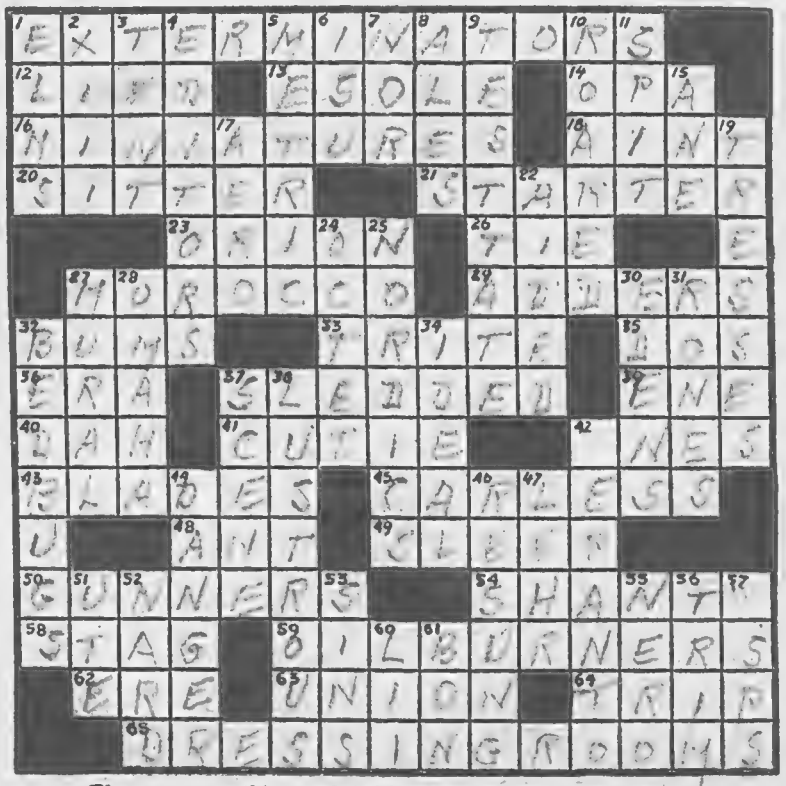
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 They're happiest when business is lousiest
12 Slipped off the veracity beam
13 French noodle factory
14 Ordinary People's Assistance; Office of Perfect Asses—take your choice (abbr.)
16 Pint-sized Rembrandts
18 It ain't in no nice lady's vocabulary
20 Device for allowing parents of five to attend movies evenings
21 You've got to step on it to go places
23 A bunch of Irish stars
26 Adam's apple pantie
27 The world of literature is bound up in this country
29 They require about 500 yanks to fill a bucket
32 Members of the Brooklyn idol classes
33 A bunch of scalpers
35 Dumb Old Shane (abbr.)
36 Shaw thinks each of us can live one
37 Belly-whopped
39 Scram in Scotland
40 Divorced American Harems (abbr.)
41 Reason why many husbands look sideways
42 Look for some snappy developments when things click for it
43 Obsolete species of wolves—sharp, eh?
45 What you'll go if you grow careless
48 After making its pile, it retires to the underworld and works for the community
49 Candidates talk even in their this
50 These machine operators get quite a bang out of their aims
54 Complete the Daisy Song: —— Cottage Small by a Waterfall!
58 The lone wolf
59 Domesticated flame throwers, found in hot houses (two words)
62 B-4
63 In this there is strength—for this, say the bosses
64 We'll soon be taking a round one to the moon
65 Backstage boudoirs (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Shady members of the overworld
2 It was unlucky for Caesar
3 Umbrella with air conditioning
4 They play basketball with MSSy things
5 Only system Russia isn't trying to overthrow
6 Peekaboo! —— (abbr.)
7 One of those words easy to make connections with
8 What the beer guzzler does after overloading
9 Future source of life (two words)
10 Vocalized in a beastly way
11 —— and polish
15 Own in Scotland
17 Kind of plane
19 Locks, or female hangovers
22 Lent a hand in time of need
24 Eight people screaming at once
25 The Mastered Race (pl.)
27 This is wall-eyed
28 This dwarfs even Lincoln among the cornhuskers
30 Where baldheaded gents take a trimming (pl.)
31 Horses of a different color
32 Bedroom termites
34 Kind of man women like to settle with
37 Domestic fight held in public
38 Highly polished
42 *Pal, note* a Greek city (anag.)
44 Sign that is most commonly ignored by motorists
46 Rewarbled
47 We t'ink he, not monkeys, iss de cwaziest peebles
51 Him tough Injun
52 This makes lots of scents and is often attached to a spike
53 Slips off the moral beam
55 Serum contained in *rose* (comb. form; anag.)
56 Kind of craft sailors like to moor to in Snug Harbor
57 Wicious wolms
60 The 'ell with the eyes
61 Kind of tan borrowed from the French



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Weighing the Aged Whiskey"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Joseph Hirsch

88 years at fine whiskey-making

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IMPERIAL

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Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

POST MORTEM

Continued from Page 33

certificate, but I asked him not to move the old man until I'd talked to you." Ballard stood up. "He didn't like it much—Lanning, I mean."

Standish thought regretfully of the afternoon of golf he was not going to get. Instead, what he was going to do would prove unpleasant for everyone. "Yes," he said. "I'll have a look."

THE Cooper home stood well back on a two-acre plot, a Tudor-type structure of stone and timber. A colored houseman took Ballard and Standish to the second-floor suite where Dr. Lanning and a young woman were waiting.

Lanning was tall, blond, and efficient-looking. He introduced himself to Standish, his annoyance with Ballard clearly demonstrated by the way he ignored the lieutenant, and then presented Louise Cooper, widow of the grandson lost in the war—a slenderly rounded girl of twenty-five or so, with black hair and a clear ivory skin.

"In here, doctor," Lanning said. "It's utter nonsense, of course, but if the lieutenant wants to be difficult, we might as well get it over."

Standish stepped into the bedroom. Ballard, his face pink, followed in silence. Lanning picked up a manila folder containing his history of the case and gave it to Standish. "As you will see from that," he said, "Mr. Cooper's death was merely a question of time. He had an enlarged heart, high blood pressure, an arteriosclerotic condition."

Standish was verifying the statements from the records. When he had satisfied himself, he made a cursory inspection of the body, finding no sign of violence upon it. He glanced at the bedside table and noticed the sleeping pills. Lanning, as though reading his mind, said:

"If you're wondering about an overdose, the answer is no. I brought that bottle of fifty the day before yesterday and only two are gone, one for last night and one for the night before. As for anyone committing a murder, when the man had no more than a few months to live, if that, it's ridiculous."

Ballard's face was still pink but his voice was even. "I want to know why he'd hire a private detective like Max Pell and pay him four hundred bucks."

Standish intervened by asking Lanning the facts of Cooper's death. What he learned did not help Ballard's theory. Cooper had taken his sleeping pill at nine thirty the night before as was his custom. At eight that morning the houseman came in to raise the shades and had heard Cooper mumble something and thought he was talking in his sleep. Since he was under orders to leave after raising the shades and let Cooper get up when he felt like it, the houseman had gone out, and not until ten o'clock did he discover that the old man was dead.

Standish nodded and returned to the sitting room. Louise Cooper continued to stare listlessly out the window as he examined the room, noticing now that the books which lined the near-by wall were nearly all detective stories. There were some reference volumes on the bottom shelf, books on criminology, legal medicine, police practice, and toxicology; and because he wanted time to think, he spoke about them.

"He must have been quite a detective-story fan."

"He was," Louise Cooper said. "It was about the only pleasure he had left."

She glanced from Lanning to Ballard, and Standish could see how very attractive she was in spite of the tired lines about her mouth and eyes. Then, the door opened and a man entered, a slim thin-faced man of thirty-five or so, with sparse brown hair and glasses. When he was introduced as Dwight Morley, Standish knew this was the nephew Ballard had spoken of.

If Morley was at all upset by what had happened he gave no sign of it but glanced casually at Standish and asked bluntly if there was to be an autopsy. When Standish said he did not know, Morley shrugged.

"It's a lot of nonsense," he said. "The old boy simply died in his sleep, and anyone who says different is crazy—not that he didn't pick a good time for it."

He was staring at Lanning as he spoke, and Standish, seeing that look and the way the woman's mouth tightened, felt a sudden tension in the room where none had been before. Ballard said:

"A good time for who, Mr. Morley?"

"Watch out now—I think the wick's a little too large."
LIBERTY

"I was thinking of Dr. Lanning," Morley said. "Mr. Cooper was about to make a change. He was dissatisfied with the doctor's work."

"That's a lie," said Lanning.

"Possibly a good time for Louise too," Morley said, as though he had not heard. He took off his glasses and blinked pale myopic eyes. "Cooper didn't approve of the doctor's relations with Louise," he said.

"And what were those relations?" Ballard asked.

"We were in love," the girl said simply. Then, sparks in her eyes, she faced Morley. "You should be ashamed," she said. "Not once did you try to make things pleasant for him, not once would you read to him or—"

"That trash?" Morley waved his glasses with scorn at the detective books. "I should say not."

"And so I had to, night after night, because I knew if I didn't, no one would."

"You don't have to feel so noble about it." Morley put on his glasses. "I notice it didn't take you long to start painting your nails again."

Dr. Lanning spoke under his breath and stepped toward Morley, his jaw hard and eyes stormy. Ballard moved in front of him.

"Take it easy," Ballard said.

Louise Cooper had her head down and Standish could see her face working. She looked at her red-painted nails. "Yes," she said in a small voice. "He didn't like painted nails. He spoke about it the day after I came, nearly a year ago, and so I wore them plain. Then this morning—" She hesitated, a catch in her voice. "Oh, what difference does it make? You wouldn't understand."

Standish cleared his throat. He still did not know what he should do, but he wanted to get out. He nodded to Ballard and announced:

"I'll have the body removed to the morgue."

"But look here." Lanning spoke quickly, his eyes resentful. "You've seen the record. You've no reason to doubt me as the attending physician just because some private detective no one ever heard of was murdered last night."

"Mr. Cooper heard of him," Ballard said.

"If you insist on performing an autopsy—" Lanning began.

"I didn't say that," Standish cut in. "I want to make a more thorough examination and I can do it better at the morgue. I'll let you know if there's to be an autopsy."

DR. STANDISH played no golf that afternoon. When he had made a further inspection of the body without finding any sign of violence, he came back to the office.

Ballard came in at three. "I talked to the Cooper lawyer," he said. "Frank Alson. He's burning at the idea of a p.m. but he told me about the will, and all three of them had sweet motives."

(*Continued on page 54*)

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(*Continued from page 52*)

"You're figuring the girl in?" Standish asked.

"I'm figuring everybody and you know it," Ballard said and went on to elaborate. "Morley and the girl cut in for a third of about two million bucks and the grandson in Germany gets the other third. I talked to the servants, and Morley was right when he said the old man had trouble with Lanning over the girl."

He pulled out the Pullman stub he had found in Max Pell's pocket. "Dr. Lanning came from Chicago; he went to school there, and he was in a spot to marry a third of two million dollars," he added grimly. "That's a motive, son."

"What about the girl?"

Ballard consulted his notes. He said the girl was from Oklahoma City and had met Cooper's grandson at a USO dance while he was serving as an instructor to navy flyers at Norman. They married, and she continued to live there until he was reported killed off Okinawa in the summer of '45.

"Then she came to live with the grandfather," Ballard said. "Been here ever since."

"She and Morley didn't get along?"

"Because she said he started making passes at her." Ballard scowled. "That Morley," he said. "I don't know. He's a writer, so he says. He's writing something that's supposed to remake the world his way. He's been living with the old man for five years and the servants could never figure why the old guy put up with him. But he did. Morley stands to get a third of that dough, and if old Cooper got wind of something and put Max Pell to checking up on him—" He leaned forward. "Something about the set-up smells, doc," he said. "What about an autopsy?"

DR. STANDISH lit a cigarette. He knew that in a legal sense he was within his rights to perform or order an autopsy. He knew, too, that there were other than legal considerations.

"Frank Alson is the Cooper lawyer," he said. "He carries a lot of weight in town. If I do a p.m. and find out Cooper died as Lanning says he died—"

"Alson will sure throw that weight around," Ballard finished. "Yeah," he said, and stood up. "I guess he could make it tough for a young guy like you." He hesitated, put on his hat. "It's up to you, doc."

The doctor's grin was humorless. "Get out," he said. "Beat it. I'll do your p.m. tonight."

Paul Standish had cause to view his decision with doubt several times before the afternoon was over. He had to listen to Lanning's protests; he had to listen to Frank Alson, who threatened.

"I can't stop you," Alson said, "but if you're wrong I can promise you more publicity than you ever had in your life—all of it bad."

"Guess there's not much sense asking if your mother's home!!"
LIBERTY

Mary Hayward added her arguments to the others when she learned what Standish intended to do. Normally her manner during office hours was one of strict formality, but occasionally she scolded and bullied him with the proprietary intensity of a woman in love, though it was unlikely that she had ever admitted such an interest, even to herself. She had argued before that he should give up his work as medical examiner, pointing out that he would be much farther ahead if he put the same amount of effort into his own practice.

"I think you're crazy," she said quite honestly, "to risk your future just because Lieutenant Ballard has some silly hunch."

Dr. Standish wondered about this after Mary had gone, his mind going inevitably back to old Doc Lathrop who, in those tough early days when Standish had first hung out his shingle, had suggested that he might like an assistant medical examiner's job on fee basis. "You'll get a real chance to know anatomy," Lathrop had said. "It might be something you'd like."

Standish found that Lathrop was right. The fees paid his office rent and the knowledge gained helped him to save lives in the Pacific. Coming back to find Lathrop ready for retirement, it had seemed natural enough to accept the full responsibility, and though there had been times when he questioned the wisdom of his decision, he had never seriously considered giving up this work. That his own interest in crime might have influenced him was something he would have quickly denied.

In the hours that followed he found himself wishing he had taken Mary's advice. Not until after eleven o'clock that night did he know for a certainty that Lieutenant Ballard's suspicions were well founded. James Cooper had indeed died of a hemorrhage, but not, as Lanning had maintained, a spontaneous one brought on by natural causes. Cooper had been murdered.

THE city maintained an office for its medical examiner on the second floor of the mortuary, and adjoining this was a conference room. Here, at nine thirty the next morning, Dr. Standish was to make known his findings to Lieutenant Ballard and those he had summoned.

Dwight Morley sat indolently in his chair at one end of the yellow oak table, his myopic eyes veiled but suspicious. Louise Cooper, in a simple black dress that accented her paleness and made her brown eyes enormous, sat at one side. Next to her was Dr. Lanning, his mouth sullen as with hostile eyes he watched Standish remove some eight-by-ten prints from an envelope.

Standish gave it to them straight. He said Lieutenant Ballard's suspicions had been confirmed. He said James Cooper had been murdered, though this was no reflection on Lanning's diagnosis, since the type of wound would be clinically undetected.

"Given the same case history, I would have made the same diagnosis," he said. "It took an autopsy to reveal the truth."

Lanning reached for the photographs, stared at one and then another, his mouth white. Louise Cooper's eyes were wide and incredulous as she watched Lanning. Dwight Morley shifted in his chair.

"What *was* the cause of death?"

"Cooper was stabbed," Standish said, "with a thin round instrument like an awl or an ice pick. Stabbed here," he said and put a finger in front of and slightly above his ear. "The autopsy showed the brain wound and when we shaved the hair we photographed the point of entry. Not over three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter," he said, "with a minute scratch an eighth of an inch from that."

He rose, collected his photographs and handed them to Ballard, his lean face grave, as he studied briefly those around the table.

"He died yesterday morning," he said, "but in my opinion he was stabbed the night before after the sleeping pill had taken effect. A younger man might have lived for days with that sort of wound, but in Mr. Cooper's condition, death came more quickly."

"But"—Dwight Morley swallowed —"there was no blood."

"A drop or two possibly," Standish said, "which the killer wiped away some time before morning." He walked to the door. "I'll make my report and send a copy to the district attorney," he said to Ballard. The lieutenant followed him into the hall, asking the others to remain.

"Now what, doc?" he said.

"Look for an ice pick or an awl,

preferably one that has a rough spot in the metal that crimps the handle to the blade."

"Sure." Ballard scowled. "But what do you think? You must have some ideas. You generally do."

"I'm all out of ideas." Standish fashioned a wry grin. "You wanted an autopsy. You had an idea Max Pell's murder was hooked up with Cooper and it looks as if you were right. Anyway, now you've got another murder."

Ballard looked hard at him, half closing one eye. "Just like that, huh?" he said.

Standish pretended he didn't hear. "My job is to determine the *cause* of death," he said. "You and the D. A. are supposed to take it from there, and you know it."

BUT as the day wore on, Dr. Standish found it hard to sit back and do nothing. It was all right while he was busy with an office full of patients; it was all right when Ballard came in at noon with an ice pick which he had found in the Cooper kitchen and which had the proper length and the required rough spot on the metal crimping. But when Standish had a chance to think over the things Ballard had said, the seeds of worry grew like weeds in the fertile soil of his imagination.

For Ballard was concentrating on Dr. Lanning, and his reasons seemed sound. "He's going to marry one third of two million bucks," Ballard said. "To stop him, the old man was going to fire him and maybe—I admit I'm guessing on this—cut the dame off. Max Pell was in Chicago checking on something, and Lanning came from Chicago. Also," he said, "Lanning had the sort of knowledge a guy would need to think up a murder like that. He never dreamed there'd be a p.m."

Standish made no comment then and for the next two hours busied himself with a paper he was to read that evening at a dinner given by the State Medical Association. With this out of the way, doubt and uncertainty again began to crowd his mind and, not telling Mary Hayward where he was going, he drove to the Cooper home.

There he talked to the houseman and servants; he inspected again the old man's suite and took a quick look at Dwight Morley's bedroom and study. When he returned to the office he telephoned a local travel agency. Then he called a friend of his, saying he would be unable to attend the dinner and asked him to read the paper he had prepared.

Mary Hayward, overhearing the last of this conversation, was horrified. But before she could protest, Standish was telephoning Ballard.

"Still think Lanning is your boy?" he asked. "Have you booked him?"

"Not yet," Ballard said. "Why? I thought you weren't interested."

Standish ducked that one. He said he'd been thinking things over. "I think you've got the wrong man,"

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he said. "I don't know whether I can prove it or not. I'm not even sure I can—"

Ballard cut him off with a growl. He had worked with Paul Standish often enough to respect his intelligence and ability. In the past the doctor's knowledge and shrewd observations had helped break other murders, and Ballard was not the sort of officer who, once he had settled on a suspect, became blind to other aspects of a case.

"Never mind the prologue," he said. "Will you try—and what do you want me to do?"

Standish told him without elaborating his own theory, and when he hung up he found Mary Hayward standing before him.

"So that's the reason you can't give your speech?"

Standish had a hard time meeting her gaze. He tried to pretend it was not important. "It'll probably be a lousy dinner anyway. Look," he said. "I should be back by seven. We'll go out somewhere and get a steak."

"No," said Mary, "we will not." Then, because the things Standish did were so important to her, she continued her scolding without shame.

"I should think it would be enough, the chance you took performing that autopsy," she said. "You stuck your neck clear out to there and you got away with it. I guess it's a good thing you did," she added with some reluctance, "and I can understand that you felt it was your duty. But this other—well, you've said yourself your job was to determine the *cause* of death, and if you go up there trying to be a detective, instead of going to that dinner, then all I can say is that you're just"—she groped for a word and found it—"just grandstanding."

Standish pushed back his chair and stood up, his eyes averted so she could not see the hurt and disappointment mirrored there.

"You're probably right, Mary," he said quietly.

"But you're going."

"Until I'm sure about Dr. Lanning. I'm sort of responsible for putting him on the spot. Maybe he's guilty; maybe Ballard can prove it. But if he's not, and he gets involved and perhaps arrested, it will ruin his career whether he's guilty or not. . . . You can leave those letters I dictated on the desk," he said, "and I'll sign them when I get back. There's no need for you to wait."

THERE was a police car parked in the Cooper driveway. When Dr. Standish went upstairs he found Lieutenant Ballard waiting with a police photographer and a plain-clothes man. The photographer was setting up his equipment under the suspicious gaze of Dwight Morley, while Louise Cooper watched without apparent interest. Dr. Lanning, who had been sitting on the arm of her chair, stood up when he saw Standish, spoke coldly.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Are you taking over the functions of the detective bureau, Standish? Because if you are—"

Ballard interrupted, his voice steady: "I'd take it easy if I were you, Dr. Lanning. I'm the guy that thinks maybe you're guilty, not the doctor. He took the trouble to come up here to see if he could prove I was wrong."

Lanning sat down again, glanced uncertainly about. Then, some of his defiance and bluster still remaining, he said, "What makes you think I didn't kill him, Standish?"

"I don't think you would have used that ice pick," Standish said. "It came from downstairs, from a kitchen drawer. I doubt if you'd even know it was there and—"

"I didn't."

"I don't think you'd have used it anyway, unless you were trying to pin the job on someone else, because you have instruments of your own that would have done just as well. . . . As a matter of fact," he said, "I doubt if any doctor in his right mind would be stupid enough to kill in that fashion. A smart at-

Alin Overcame More Than One Handicap When ° ° °
BANG! BANG! BANG!
SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE
HAW, BALDY!
ALIN WILSON IS WELL IN THE LEAD AS HE ENTERS THE LAST FIVE-MILE STRETCH OF THE FAMOUS SNOW-KING SWEEPSTAKES, WHEN ° ° °
I TWISTED MY ANKLE WHEN MY SNOW-SHOE BROKE
RACE OR NO RACE, I CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE. I'LL DUMP MY PACK TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD
SN
Y-A-A-A-Y WILSON WINS!
WHAT'S MY DAUGHTER DOING ON THAT SLED?
IT'S A SWELL STORY. ANY OTHER DETAILS?
YES. ADD THAT MR. WILSON WILL BE MY HOUSE GUEST WHILE IN TOWN ° ° YOU WILL, WON'T YOU?
COME ON, WILSON. LETS GET YOU CLEANED UP BEFORE THE TROPHY PRESENTATION
I CERTAINLY CAN STAND IT AFTER 14 HOURS ON THE TRAIL
SAY, THIS BLADE'S A WONDER! I NEVER KNEW SHAVING COULD BE SO QUICK AND EASY!
THAT'S A THIN GILLETTE AND IT'S SEEN PLENTY OF USE, TOO
I LIKE THAT YOUNG MAN. WONDER IF HE'D CARE TO WORK FOR ME?
OH, DAD, PLEASE ASK HIM!
HE CERTAINLY LOOKS KEEN!
FOR GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES THAT PEP YOU UP PLENTY, USE THIN GILLETTES. MEN, THESE ARE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING, LOW-PRICE BLADES ON THE MARKET. AND, BECAUSE THEY FIT YOUR RAZOR PRECISELY, THEY PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ALWAYS ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
Gillette
4 10

tending physician could take the life of a man in Mr. Cooper's condition by simpler methods and without fear of post-mortem findings."

"I thought of that, but—" Lieutenant Ballard paused, his gaze troubled. "Max Pell has a Pullman stub from Chicago," he said. "Lanning came from Chicago."

"What I want to know," Dwight Morley said, pointing at the photographer, "is what this fellow is supposed to be doing."

No one answered him. The others were watching Standish, and he said, "All that stub proves is that Pell *passed through* Chicago. The hundred and forty-odd dollars he had on his bill suggests that he went a lot farther than Chicago. I checked with a travel agency. For that money a man might go twice that far. Maybe to Oklahoma. Pell wrote the word, Greene, opposite his hotel charge. There is a Hotel Greene in Oklahoma City."

He turned on Dwight Morley. "You want to know what he's doing?" He indicated the photographer. "He's going to take some pictures of that bottom shelf and the reference books Cooper kept there. I came up here this afternoon and checked on your library. I notice you go in for Proust and Thomas Mann and Marx and Krafft-Ebing."

"I damn well don't read this junk."

"Somebody did," Standish said. "Somebody took a particular interest in this book." He pointed to a heavy volume of legal medicine. "It's been used recently, because the top of it is clean and the adjoining volumes have a thin coating of dust. That's what we're going to photograph first."

He took a breath and said, "I've got a copy of that book in my office; most medical examiners have. It's printed on heavy coated stock, the kind that takes fingerprints well. We'll photograph page 412, I think. Because on that page is a picture of a man who died like Cooper died. It shows the tiny little hole the ice pick made, a hole covered by hair that went undetected until the autopsy. I think the fingerprints we'll find on that page will match yours, Mrs. Cooper."

FOR three long seconds no one moved. Then Lanning jumped up, his face stiff. "No!" he said. "Now wait!"

Standish ignored him. He was watching Louise Cooper's drawn gray face, the approaching hysteria in her hot bright eyes. He went on, his voice direct, controlled.

"We might even find the answer for those red nails you were in such a hurry to paint," he said. "There wasn't much blood, was there? A drop or two which you wiped from the wound. But there was blood on the weapon and you got a drop or so inside the nail, in the quick, where it wouldn't wash off and where you couldn't dig it out without making the quick bleed."

He said, "When the lieutenant came, I guess that stain worried you some—until you realized that no one would notice it if you painted your nails." He glanced at Ballard and Ballard was watching the woman. Standish continued: "A microscopic analysis will tell us if I'm right about that and—"

He had no chance to finish. The hysteria and panic he had seen growing in the woman's eyes took command. She came out of the chair with catlike quickness, whirling away from the still incredulous Lanning and turning toward the doorway.

Standish recognized this wild desire to escape as the instinctive animal-like reaction of one whose mind no longer functions properly, and let Ballard and the plain-clothes man deal with it. Seeing the look of shock and horror on Lanning's face, he knew that it was the young doctor and not the woman who would most need help and sympathy.

MARY HAYWARD was waiting when Dr. Standish returned to his office at seven thirty; so were three reporters and a photographer who had heard about the autopsy. They wanted to know details and asked if he had any ideas about the murderer.

Standish said he had no comment. He said he had given a full report to the district attorney and that any statement would have to come from him. "If you're interested in the police angle," he said, "why don't you talk to Lieutenant Ballard? I understand he made an arrest just a few minutes ago."

The gentlemen of the press got out fast, and when Mary closed the door, Standish went into his office, put his hat on the desk, and sank gratefully into the chair. Mary came in and sat down opposite him. After a moment she said, her voice ashamed:

"And I thought you were grandstanding. I'm sorry."

Standish glanced at her, seeing mostly the concern in her eyes. He told her to forget it, and because he felt so weary and beaten and empty inside, he just closed his eyes and sat motionless. Mary went to the small refrigerator and began to take out ice. She added whisky and water and handed it to him.

"Take it," she said. "I guess a doctor has a right to drink after a day's work, just like anyone else. . . . Would it help to talk about it?"

Standish drank gratefully. Before he knew it he was answering questions, and presently Mary had the whole story.

"And if you hadn't gone," she murmured at the end, "the lieutenant would have arrested Dr. Lanning."

"I guess he would," Standish said, "but not for long. When he got around to figuring out the Pullman fare and one thing and another, he would have had to let him go. But it would have been tough on Lan-

ning. . . . It's still tough," he said heavily—"in a different way."

"For awhile," Mary said, "until he realizes how lucky he is. Until he understands how it might have been if he had married her. . . . Why?" she asked. "Why did she do it?"

"She was a bad one," Standish said. "She ran away from home as a kid and got in trouble with some guy and wound up in reform school. Later she married a soldier, and when he went overseas, she made the mistake of marrying young Cooper without getting a divorce. She got by for nearly a year with the old man. But he finally got wind of something and sent Max Pell west to check up on her. Pell got the goods. That's why the old boy had the row with Lanning. He wanted to break up the affair without telling Lanning the truth, and when Louise saw she was going to get kicked out without a dime, she made up her mind to do something about it before Cooper called in his lawyer. She'd spent a lot of time reading about crime to the old boy and she got the idea on how to kill him from that book on legal medicine.

"Once she'd made up her mind, she knew she had to take care of Pell—because he knew the truth about her. She telephoned for an appointment and walked in on him with a gun in her bag. At the proper moment she took the gun out, shot him, searched his files for the carbon copy of the report he'd given Cooper, and got out fast. Later she destroyed that copy as she destroyed the original, and if it hadn't been for Ballard finding Cooper's check, she'd have gotten away with it."

HE drained his glass, put it aside, and with it he somehow put aside his weariness. He did not know whether it was the drink or the talking he had done which was responsible, but he felt immeasurably better. He recognized the emptiness inside him for what it was.

"Look," he said. "I'm hungry." He shook his finger at Mary. "It's not often I issue second invitations to dinner, but this time—"

"I accept," said Mary, her voice relieved. "I'm starved."

She stood up and Standish rose with her. When he saw her smile and the sudden radiance in her eyes, he knew that everyting was going to be all right again.

THE END

LET'S CALL OFF THE OLYMPICS

Continued from Page 24

and T. C. Carpenter. There was one Englishman—Lieutenant Wyndham Halswelle of His Majesty's Guards. In the opening seconds of the race, the thin-clads were scrambled in a typhoon of whirling arms and legs. Then the three American runners made a co-ordinated unit movement that somewhat resembled the much later Notre Dame shift. As they pumped into the halfway mark, Lieutenant Halswelle was seen to be in a predicament. In the lingo of the turf, he was "trapped in a pocket."

This strategy, however, might have been written off as a minor irritant had not American Taylor, striding on the outside, contributed an original touch to the proceedings. Taylor, in a moment of high enthusiasm, began panting and blowing in the harassed Englishman's right ear and elbowing the Englishman's right ribs.

Taylor's activity, in full sight of England's thousands, made the British Lion roar. Immediately English onlookers, lords and lowlifes alike, discarded their monocles and manners and rushed out upon the cinder path.

A dozen patriotic hands grabbed Taylor and deposited him resoundingly on the infield. The remaining Americans, Robbins and Carpenter, observing the fate of their comrade, raced like madmen for the finish. Thus inspired, they would have broken the tape, perhaps even for a world's record, and won the Olympics—but alas, there was no tape to break. It had been confiscated by the English masses. Unabashed, both Robbins and Carpenter continued running, presumably toward the Channel, with half of England in frenzied pursuit.

MEANWHILE, in the Olympic Stadium the referee, after a consultation with other officials, announced that since there had been no tape, there really could be no race. But no sooner had this announcement been made than Halswelle came bouncing into the stretch. At once, spirited spectators produced the hidden tape, stretched it across the finish line, and the persevering lieutenant obligingly broke it.

The referee promptly announced him the winner of the 400 meters.

Coach Murphy, famed pilot of the American squad, now made himself heard with a stentorian bellow. But officialdom prevailed. The following day, dignified Lieutenant Halswelle raced with his shadow down the long, lonely track in the 400-meter finals and won the 1908 Olympic title in 50 seconds flat. A credible effort. But it sent American-British friendship reeling back to the Bunker Hill level.

The 1912 Olympics, staged in Stockholm, were relatively cozy. But secondary radiation continued even after the Olympics were over. Czarist Russia, having failed to win a single event, refused to pay its International Amateur Athletic Federation dues, and withdrew completely from the Olympic Games. Since that time no Russian team has competed in the Olympics. Recently, however, Soviet Russia was tendered an invitation to membership in the I.A.A.F. and there is every indication the Reds will enliven the London Olympics in 1948.

Perhaps the two most splendid, and horrible, Olympic Games in history were held during the terrible '30s. The first at Los Angeles, in 1932. The second at Berlin, in 1936.

The Los Angeles Olympics were off to a normal start when the august I.A.A.F. declared Finland's immortal Paavo Nurmi ineligible because of professionalism. Finland did not forgive. A further annoyance was provided by the Japanese swimmers, most of them fourteen-year-old youngsters, who trimmed the United States in the 800-meters and broke the prevailing record by thirty-eight full seconds. The victories were so amazing that several nations accused the boys of wearing mechanical contraptions to give them added speed.

THE 1936 Olympics in Berlin, the last to be held, were regarded by the genial German hosts as a prelude to war. Here, in America, we disagreed about these Games. Finally, the United States, along with other appeasing nations, stupidly permitted itself to be pressed into the Fascist Olympics. Everything went wrong. The Nazis converted the winter sports competition at Garmisch-Partenkirchen into a modified concentration camp. Jesse Owens, America's great Negro sprinter, after becoming the Olympic hero by winning three separate events, was snubbed by Hitler, who summoned only Aryans to his special box.

And, most hysterically, Helen Stephens, America's rangy sprint star, was accused by Poland of being a man. Poland was represented by Stella Walsh, an undefeated runner whose best time in the Olympic dash had been 11.9. When Miss Stephens ran Miss Walsh into the cinders and broke her existing record by six seconds, the Poles decided that such a feat could only have been accomplished by a male. The United States and Poland exchanged angry words, until proper authorities stripped comely Miss Stephens of her bloomers, displaying her in the nude. Only then did Poland reluctantly concede her sex.

World War II forced the 1940 Games into retirement, where they belonged from the beginning. Today, Avery Brundage, vice-president of the International Olympic Committee, and other American sportsmen are determined the Olympics shall be resurrected, and that we shall play a leading role in this revival. Nevertheless, there is still time, before all hell busts loose in London, to intelligently demand a "cooling-off period." Then we can happily wait and work for that future day when we may yet have a brave new world and a better race of man, sufficiently educated to accept Olympics as sporting events, not as nationalistic showcases.

THE END

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Wm. Steig

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WHAT are the chances of buying a war-surplus typewriter, camera, or vehicle? Offhand, the War Assets Administration declares such chances are so slim that applicants, especially the new ones, should not raise their hopes up too high.

Still, the many ads announcing surplus sales are appealing enough to keep on arousing veteran curiosity and desires—and they do. So what can the lone ex-G.I. buyer do to actually make a purchase?

Hurry and file your application on Form 66 with a Certifying Office of WAA. Forms are available at your nearest regional office. Speed counts, because when eventually the items are available you'll want your name near the top of that waiting list. Return one copy to the office in person or by mail with a certified or photostatic copy of discharge. The surplus office expects you to describe exactly what you want and to specify how far you are willing to travel to inspect the items.

Once you receive your Certificate of Eligibility, all you can do is stand by for further developments. Contrary to previous practice, the sales office is out to perform all types of service for its veteran clients. They not only locate the desired article, but also notify you as to the approximate price, when and where it can be inspected, and how it may be bought.

All in all, it sounds good, but veterans claim that it just doesn't seem to work out that way. So, for heaven's sake, keep an eye on the WAA and its new boss, Major General Robert Littlejohn. See to it that their vigorous house-cleaning program of simplifying regulations pertaining to veterans, ridding the agency of tipsters (employers working hand in hand with brokers), and putting an end to abuses and profit-grabbing by middlemen is actually followed up and carried out.

The recent electronic surplus showdown which brought forth from Major General Littlejohn the admission that the set-up was "pretty lousy" should be an eye-opener as to the cleaning up that has to be done.

The recent experimental sale of $5,000,000 worth of hard-to-get items at retail and over-the-counter department stores in New Orleans should be an indication of what can be done. Veterans want country-wide retail sales.

Perhaps only then can we walk up to that surplus counter and, without any go-betweens and without any limitations on minimum in the 100 lot, demand "a quarter's worth of that G.I. soap powder or maybe a pair of those G.I. coveralls!"

* * *

Mrs. A. K., El Reno, Okla. You have until November 15 to be able to mail that Christmas package to your boy overseas without a request slip. Experience shows that pen-and-pencil sets, wrist watches, canned meats and nuts, photographs, mail, subscriptions to local newspapers and magazines are usually tagged as prize packages by the recipients. Be careful how you wrap that gift, because many a G.I. heart has been broken by a package full

Too high!

of spilled jam, broken glass, and such like.

* * *

Roy Reitmeyer, Arlington, Va. You're raising your hopes too high in regard to having your on-the-job training earnings raised to the new ceiling of $175 a month. The VA can't do that, because its intentions are merely to prevent trainees from earning *more* than that amount. How about that boss of yours? He ought to be good for a few bucks more in your case, I should think.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

THE UNDYING GRATITUDE OF BIGFOOT FOSTER

Continued from Page 15

"You're an innocent girl," he explained, "and a innocent girl has got to be protected from wolves."

"I don't want any protection, you big moose!"

Arvilla stamped her foot and told him what he could do. But Bigfoot was filled with gratitude and he saw his duty.

During the next few weeks Arvilla's list of callers dropped to zero as Bigfoot evaluated the worth of each suitor and found him wanting.

And that's how things were when Bond brought this young Eric Smith to the monthly shindig one night. Bond was a foreigner, born in San Francisco, and only used his place as a summer home, and this young Eric Smith was only the guest of a foreigner, which made it worse.

They arrived about nine o'clock, and Bond shook hands with the men and introduced Eric Smith. This Eric Smith swept the dance floor with the slow appraising look of an unattached male, and when his eye came to Arvilla it stopped. Arvilla was sitting out most of the dances because Bigfoot was in a bad humor that night. But Bigfoot was out at the cider barrel at the moment. Eric strode across the floor and first thing you know he was dancing with Arvilla. *Well!* They danced a couple of times and then she went out with him and didn't come back. *Well!*

WHEN Eric pulled in at Bond's place that night, pretty late, Bond and his wife, Elsie, were waiting up. Elsie had stayed home from the shindig with the kids. Elsie said, "Eric, you silly goose."

"I told him," Bond said. "Now, didn't I, Eric? I told you not to get out of line with these hill girls."

"Well, the damage is done," Elsie said. "Eric, it's not that we wouldn't love to have you stay on, but I think you'd better go. I packed up your suitcase."

Eric looked from one to the other wonderingly. "What's wrong?"

Bond told him. "And it's only lucky that Bigfoot was out at the cider barrel," he concluded.

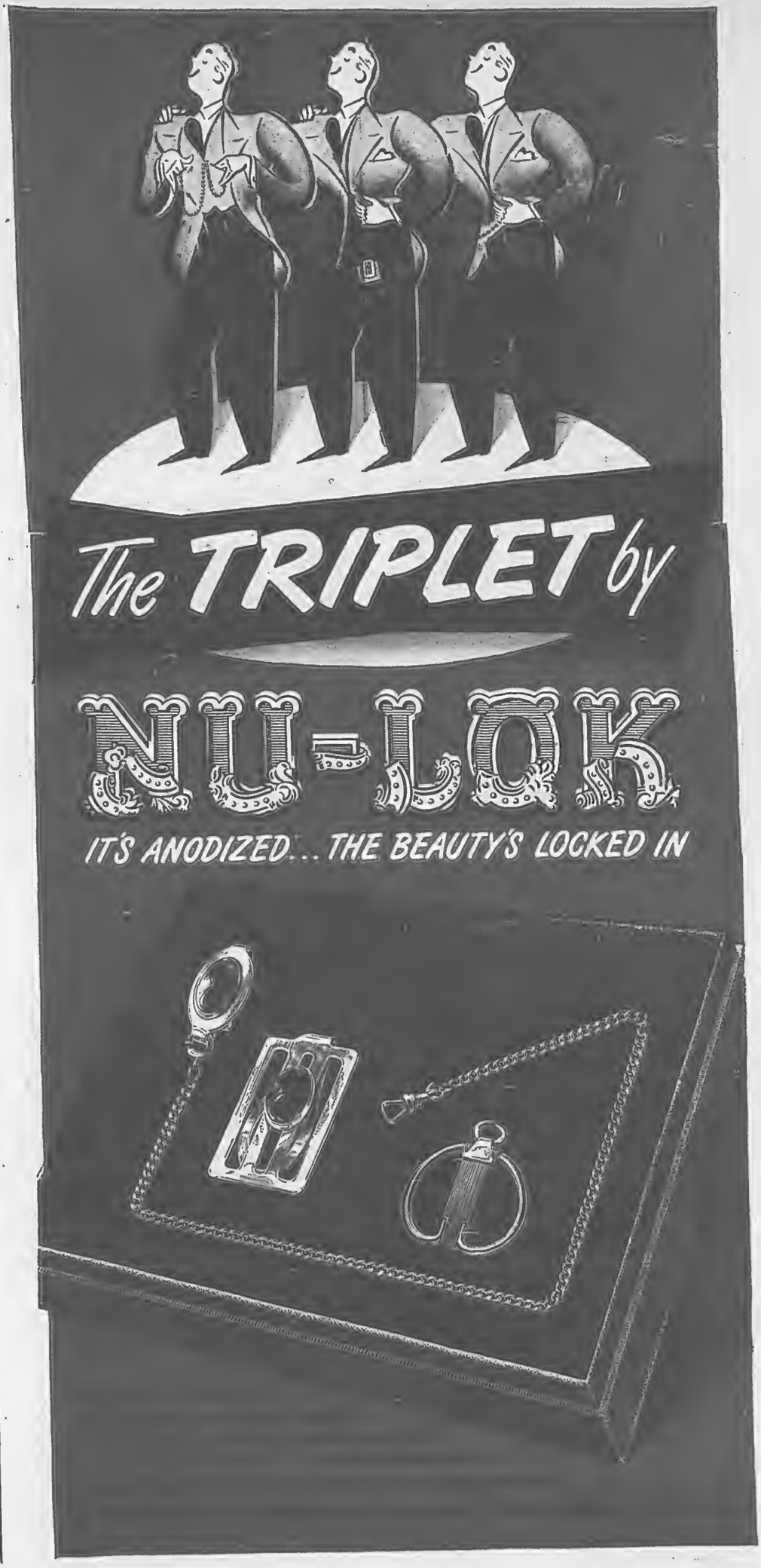
Eric began to laugh. Then, as Bond and Elsie kept at him, he got a bit sore. Be damned if any local bully was running him out.

Elsie asked, "Does she mean anything to you, Eric?"

"How do I know? I've only seen her one night. Though it seems I've met her somewhere before. I won't be chased away, anyhow."

Bond lifted the phone and listened in on the party line. "Still going," he announced. "Everybody talking about it. Bigfoot just left Wick's with a gallon of burgundy."

"That's bad," Elsie said. "Wine on top of cider. Eric, you must leave."



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"Well," Eric said, "you can kick me out of the house, but do you mind if I sleep in the barn?"

The natives were down to Wick's next forenoon, waiting around. Eric drove in, got a tank of gas, and went inside for a beer. The natives exchanged shrugs. He was a pretty fair young buck, about five ten, run about one sixty-five; pretty fair by ordinary standards, but you didn't use ordinary standards in comparing him with Bigfoot. Eric was sipping slowly, when somebody said, "Here he comes," and dead silence fell over the place.

ERIC didn't turn as Bigfoot got out of his car and strode to the door; that showed nerve. Bigfoot must have done damage to the gallon of burgundy, but the only visible evidence was a deliberation of movement. He peered into the dim interior.

"Is he here?" he bawled.

Eric turned on the stool; the very bulk of the man in the doorway must have been a shock. He'd been warned, but Bigfoot was something you had to see to believe. And then a curious thing happened. Eric grinned, and then he let out a whoop. "Meathead!" he yelled. "For crying out loud! Meathead Foster! So you're the one!"

Bigfoot stiffened. Then his heavy face went lax with surprise.

"Sarge," he muttered. "Then it was—but how the hell? *Sarge.* Smith's common for a name—you—we called you Joe."

"Eric's the middle name. How the hell have you been, Meathead? . . . Wick, give us two beers."

Bigfoot tossed off his beer, glowering. Then he arose and announced in a great bellow, "I will be dipped in muck!" Then he sat down and tossed off another beer. "Sarge, I didn't know it was you. That makes it different, when it's you. I told you I'd never forget, and I won't. But, sarge," he said from the depths of a bewildered soul, "you're a wolf, d'you see? You're a wolf and she's a decent girl. . . . Wick, gimme another beer."

And thus started what the natives called the Big To-Do.

Eric called at Arvilla's that evening to have dinner and meet Mrs. Eggersholt. "I'm so glad there wasn't any trouble," Arvilla said. "You don't know how exasperating it's been, the way that big oaf has acted. I'm so glad you're old friends."

"That's it!" Eric cried, leaping up and crossing to the radio.

Atop the radio were some pictures. One was of Arvilla and another showed Bigfoot and Eric standing beside a ruined building with some French kids in the background. "Remember last night we kept wondering where we'd seen each other? Meathead had a picture of you. He was proud of it."

"And you were Sarge. You got him the boots."

Her mother murmured "H'mm." She'd wondered why Arvilla had framed the picture of Bigfoot and set it on the radio. The picture now clearly wasn't of Bigfoot but of the G.I. standing beside him.

"He wrote me about the boots," Arvilla said. "I thought it was so brave and wonderful. I wondered what you were like."

"I was supply sergeant," Eric said uncomfortably. "It was my job."

At that moment there was a rap on the door. "Just thought—I'd drop in," Bigfoot mumbled.

"Well, that's fine, Aldwyn. We invited Eric for the evening."

"Yes'm. That's why I'm here." Bigfoot was very determined. After dinner Mrs. Eggersholt excused herself, but Bigfoot just kept sitting.

"Yes, sir, I'll never forget what sarge done for me," he suddenly said loudly. "My shoes wore out in Alsace. The special-built pair. Middle of the winter and snow halfway up to your knees. You can't get special-built shoes at the front."

"After all, Meathead," Eric said, "she knows about it."

"Lemme tell this. The Germans was just over the hill. We seen 'em on patrol. The Jerry commander was the biggest guy you ever seen. About my size. It was cold. Guys getting trench feet. And me with blankets wrapped around my old shoes."

"Let it drop."

"Lemme tell this. So one night sarge took his rifle and he went out alone. One-man patrol. He was supply sergeant; he didn't have to go. And he brought back that big Jerry commander. We took the German position next morning, and sarge, he got a Bronze Star; and me, I got the only pair of boots in my life that really fit. What a pair of boots!" He waved them in the air admiringly. "And I said then, I said if there was ever anything I could do for old sarge, I'd do it. Anything at all. I got gratitude."

"Then pipe down," Eric said. "That's all I want out of you."

"I think you're wonderful—what you did, I mean," Arvilla said, and she looked at Eric in a way that made Bigfoot grip the rocker arms in pain.

ABOUT nine o'clock Bigfoot hauled out his watch, yawned vastly, and observed, "Well, sarge, I guess we'd better hit the road."

Arvilla sighed. Eric soon excused himself and said good night. When the two men were outside, Bigfoot said with satisfaction, "Well, sarge, we had a fine evening. A nice, quiet, clean evening."

"Quit calling me sarge. And what's the big idea? I had that date tonight. You can make your own dates."

"*Me?*" Bigfoot placed a hand on his chest incredulously. "Me make a date with her? Sarge, I ain't good enough to drink the water she bathes in."

"Then what's the big idea?"

"Sarge, you're a wolf. You was the biggest wolf in B Company. You had girls everywhere, and you ain't the marrying kind. I'm looking out after that girl, and you can like it or lump it."

Next evening the three of them went to Los Gatos to a show. The following evening Bond had them up to his place for dinner. The third night Eric decided to stay home, but the thought of Bigfoot being at Arvilla's, expecting him, was too much; he went to see her, and sure enough Bigfoot was there, expecting him.

"Well, there's one thing," Bond said next day.

"What?"

"Marry the girl."

"Marry the girl! Just like that!"

"If you don't want her, what you kicking about?"

"Look, you've got to go with a girl awhile. How do I know she'd have me?"

"You can ask her."

"Ask her! We're sitting there, the three of us, and I say, 'Excuse me, Meathead, is it all right if I ask Arvilla to marry me?' And he says, 'Why, I don't know if you're good enough, Eric. I got to protect that little girl.' You know, I haven't even so much as kissed that girl good night? Marry her! You've got to build up to a proposal. You've got to get alone five minutes."

"It's your business, but I wouldn't try to get that girl alone, boots or no boots."

"If you think I'm afraid of that eight ball, think again," Eric snapped. He went to the phone and cranked Arvilla's number, two longs and one short. "Arvilla? Eric. How about a quick run to the city? There's a show at the Geary they say's good, and the folks can put you up for the night."

"Sounds good. Sounds swell."

"I'll pick you up right after lunch."

But when he called around, Bigfoot was waiting. Bigfoot took him aside. "It ain't fair, sarge. Except for the party line, you might of got away with it. If you're going to play that way, I ain't going to be no gentleman."

"Gentleman? Good Lord, gentleman!"

"I'm telling you for the last time, Sarge, don't you try to get alone with that girl. You're a wolf."

THE three of them got back from the city next day. Eric was in bad humor when he reached Bond's place. When Elsie had gone to bed, Bond said, "I guess you know the natives are having a lot of fun about this. You a city man and all—foreigner."

"I can guess. That big fishhead is making a chump out of me."

"Got any ideas?"

"No." Eric spread his hands helplessly. "Look, I went through a war with that guy. I risked my neck to get him a pair of boots. I don't want any trouble with him. Maybe I'd better go home. Got a lot of things to do."

So next morning he phoned Arvilla and said he was leaving.

"I'm sorry to see you go," she said, "but I guess you're right. Things can't go on like this."

"I'll drop you a line now and then."

"I wish you would."

There was a silence, and then he said, "well, good-by."

"Good-by, Eric."

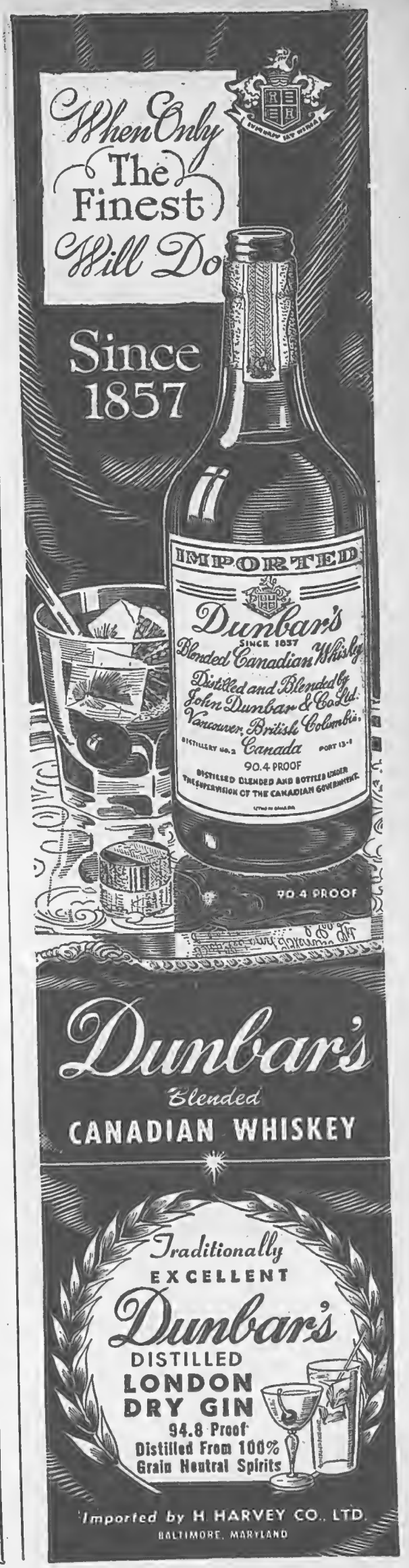
He turned from the phone slowly. He was shaking hands with Bond and saying how he'd enjoyed the visit when Bigfoot dropped by. Bigfoot was in very good spirits.

"Too bad, sarge. Too bad she give you the gate."

"Gate?"

"She said things couldn't keep on

"Anything to get out of a little work, eh Simpson!" LIBERTY



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like this. What more do you want? Too bad, sarge. But I knowed Arvilla was too smart to fall for a wolf. Just dropped in to say good-by. Be seeing you around, sarge. If there's ever anything I can do, I won't never forget what you done for me." And Bigfoot went away.

Eric stood motionless while Bigfoot's car rolled away. Then he slowly raised his suitcase over his head and threw it across the living room and through the open door of his bedroom.

"Enough," he said, "is plenty."

AS he reached the forks, and turned right into the valley road instead of left toward Skyline Drive, he knew that his course was observed by occupants of the hillside cabins and relayed by that marvelous system of espionage, the party line. He skidded to a stop before Arvilla's place, crossed the yard, and knocked. Arvilla opened the door, said, "Eric!" surprised and pleased, and then said, "But you shouldn't have come. I wanted to say good-by, but you shouldn't have come."

"Eric?" came the voice of Mrs. Eggersholt from the phone in the hallway. "They saw you take our road. Bigfoot just dropped in at Wick's. He's ordering beer and talking big."

"You can take the back road," Arvilla said.

Eric shook his head slowly. "I'm not running away."

"But, Eric— Oh, I know how you feel, but he's twice your size. There's no limit to his strength. Oh, Eric, if he ever got hold of you! He's so big and powerful."

"That great big overgrown moose!" Eric exploded, for the first time losing his temper. "That eight ball! That goof-up! That gold brick! We handled the big-muscle boys in the army!"

"But, darling, you're not in the army any more. And he'll be coming."

"Just left Wick's," called Mrs. Eggersholt from within. "Roaring mad. Won't take long, the way he drives."

"You've got to get away, Eric."

"You reach an end of this appeasement business."

"Eric, you can't stay here!"

"O.K. Do you mind if I sit out front in the car?"

"Oh, come in, come in. Maybe you can hide somewhere. Maybe he'll wreck his car."

Eric went inside. "You know, there's one thing I've wanted to do," he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

She clung to him. "Oh, Eric, I wish you wouldn't be so foolish."

"He's passing Big Joe Hogan's, driving fast," the mother's voice said from the hall.

"Eric, there's one way," Arvilla said, her lips close to his ear.

"What?"

She smiled rapidly, "If you should ask me to marry you before he comes. Of course I don't know how you feel. And we could break off the engagement if you wanted to, later."

The mother's voice came: "Just gone by Chris Johansen's."

Eric said, "I never fancied the shotgun method."

Arvilla pulled away, her face pink. "Well, it was just an idea to save you! Actually, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! Now, will you get out of here!"

"Took a skid near Little Joe Hogan's," the mother announced, "but straightened out. Going fast."

"Eric, for heaven's sake!"

"You're upset," Eric said. He sat down and got out a cigarette.

Arvilla paced back and forth. From the hallway the mother's voice punctuated the silence at intervals: "Lou Johansen says he just come over the hogback ridge. . . . At Terg Mayberry's now. . . . Coming along the valley fork road. . . ." Footsteps ran along the hall and through the front bedroom. "And here he is!"

There sounded the skid of tires, slam of a car door. "Sarge!" bellowed the mighty roar of Bigfoot Foster. "Sarge! Are you coming out or have I got to come on in after you?"

"I'm coming out," Eric said.

"Oh, darling—"

IT was a clear day. From the vantage points of hillside cabins those with ringside seats gave reports. There wasn't a receiver in the county on its hook. Bigfoot was in the front yard, legs spread, mighty hands clenched. His hat was gone, his coat was gone, his shirt was unbuttoned at the neck revealing a thick mat of hair on the great chest. By comparison Eric looked like a child.

"Nobody can't say I never give you every chance!"

"Quit beating your gums," Eric said. "You wouldn't have it any other way. O.K., let's get it over with."

Bigfoot wrinkled his forehead with the unbelieving surprise of a cat confronted by a pugnacious mouse. He strode forward deliberately. "Put up your hands and fight like a man!"

"Hadn't we better go out back? The ladies won't want to see this."

Bigfoot flushed. His entire campaign had been based on exaggerated chivalry. "O.K., let's go."

"First," Eric said, "I'll take my boots."

"Huh?" Bigfoot's jaw dropped. "What?"

"I'll take my boots. I risked my neck for those boots as a personal favor. Now I'll take them back."

Everything was going wrong for Bigfoot. He was being made out an ingrate before Arvilla. With an inarticulate growl he pulled off the boots and flung them to the ground. "They pinched my feet anyhow!" he grumbled, petulant and embarrassed. He'd never worn socks and those

LIBERTY

huge white feet were not objects to unveil before innocent womanhood. "Are you through stalling?"

Eric led the way at a fast clip out through the orchard behind the house. Bigfoot took two bold steps, and then the third step was not so bold, and by the time he'd covered fifty yards his progress was of an elaborately mincing nature, somewhat similar to a trained elephant doing a ballet routine. His great feet covered such an area that it was impossible to choose a spot devoid of weeds, burrs, clods, rocks, and devilish prickly wild blackberries. As one step brought pain the big man would flinch, only to recoil as the other foot stepped on thorns.

Eric turned at the bramble-grown fence line at the far end of the thirty-acre orchard. "What's wrong?" he called. "Afraid?"

FROM the house came a titter. Arvilla and her mother were peeking through the curtains of a back window.

With a wild cry Bigfoot threw caution to the winds and raced for his tormentor. He was gasping as he neared his quarry but goaded with fury and the pain of each step. Eric waited calmly. As Bigfoot closed in and a scream came from inside the house, Eric took two quick steps and lightly vaulted the fence.

Bigfoot stopped, blinking. The fence line was almost shoulder-high with a tangle of wild blackberry, a solid snarl six feet wide. "Stand and fight! You're yellow! Stand and fight!" he shouted.

"I'm fighting my own way, Mac," Eric said with an infuriating grin. "I learned to take advantage of the terrain. That's the first thing they teach you in basic."

With an animal-like cry, Bigfoot made a great lunge. He didn't have Eric's agility. Instead of taking the barrier lightly with one hand atop a fence post, he went over belly first, two hands on the post. That was a mistake. Eric met the bulk of the moving body with a solid shoulder in the soft spot between ribs and hip, and Bigfoot floundered, threshing and clawing, amid the brambles. When he fought free he was a sight. Every inch of visible hide was cross-hatched, and a good share of the hide was visible, for he'd left a considerable portion of his pants and shirt among the thorns. And his feet were something to behold.

He charged, bellowing, and Eric went over the fence again. Bigfoot was beyond reason or pain. He crashed straight ahead in pursuit. The clinging brambles snapped as his legs threshed through. He hit the fence and a post went down. The wires screamed as staples sprang loose.

And then he went down, flailing legs tangled in the strands and great arms striking blindly.

ERIC said presently, "You'd better lie still in that barbed wire or you'll wish you had."

Bigfoot gave a great groan of defeat, and then he subsided and lay helpless, very quiet. His little eyes looked up through the brambles with mute supplication.

"I'll get some wire cutters and pruning shears," Eric said.

When he got back, Bigfoot had thought things over. "Sarge," he said, "I'm ashamed of myself, that's what I am. After what you done for me, sarge, and I been acting like this! As if I got no gratitude. But you was a wolf, sarge. I only done what I thought was right. I owed *her* something, too."

"Quit beating your gums," Eric said, clipping the wire. "Nobody's sore at you. We got it out of our system. Hellfire, Meathead, you and me went through a war together. Arvilla's going to bring out your boots as soon as she finds the eyebrow tweezers. They'll be good for the thorns."

And thus ended the Big To-Do.

Happy? You might have thought it was Bigfoot Foster getting married up himself when Eric and Arvilla finally, after a proper session of courting, became man and wife. According to Bigfoot, it was all on account of him. He'd kept the young bucks away until somebody came along who was worth Arvilla. Yes, sir. And Eric—why, that wolf wasn't the marrying kind. The only way to get a wolf married up was to make a girl hard to get. Yep, Bigfoot claimed, he was responsible for the whole thing. Took some doing, but he owed them both a lot.

You can take it or leave it, but, mister, don't argue about it with Bigfoot Foster. He's proud of his claim on the all-around, heavyweight, no-holds-barred gratitude championship of Santa Cruz County, and he'll lick you to prove it.

THE END

A familiar phrase for a familiar feeling.

It happens to us all. When you have that queasy, uneasy upset condition, be gentle with your stomach.

Take soothing, pleasant PEPTO-BISMOL.

Never Upset an Upset Stomach

Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL. This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

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So simple! Safe! Sure! Comb this clear liquid through your gray, bleached or faded hair. Watch "Color Control" action give your hair the youthful-looking shade you want. Pronounced harmless by medical authorities (no skin test needed). Won't harm wave or hair texture. 50 year favorite of millions. Now help yourself to **lustrous hair beauty** easily—in the privacy of your home!

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

HOW TO GET A HOUSEWIFE'S GOAT: Drop in on your dinner hostess at five thirty and say, "I know I'm early, but I was in the neighborhood and didn't have a thing to do, so here I am. Don't worry about me catching you with your hair done up in bobby pins. *I* know how many balls you have in the air with guests coming and a youngster underfoot. I see you're about to give him his supper. Well, I'll just sit down here and have a cigarette while he eats, and he and I can chat. Oh, he's stopped eating. I *do* hope I'm not distracting him." Of course that's

only one way to go about getting a housewife's goat. Another sure-fire method is to arrive three quarters of an hour *late* for dinner, then dawdle over cocktails, even though you can see your hostess is getting pretty nervous about the fish. Will it have dried out completely? And how about those scalloped potatoes and the peas? They won't be so tasty after being reheated, but *you're* having fun, so what the heck! And don't forget to stick around after all the other guests have gone home, and both host and hostess are looking drawn and bleary-eyed. Along about 1 A. M., to make your victims' evening complete, say genially, "I *should* have left two hours ago, and I honestly will, after just one more nightcap."

A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY

The beauty of the ancient elms
And spacious maples overwhelms
My soul. But how their owner grieves
As he regards the tawny leaves,
For as they fall they have to be
Raked up by *him*, and not by *me!*

STUFFED ERMINE: Lilly Daché, recently back from her beloved Paris, brought with her a small brown stuffed animal resembling an undernourished weasel. A summer ermine, it had wires attached to its tiny feet so that it could be hooked on the lapel or shoulder of a coat or across a pillbox hat. Its diminutive mouth was open in a ferocious snarl, baring minute teeth. This is a whimsey affected by many Parisians. Their favorite animal is the white ermine, but so popular is the fad, that Mme. Daché had to settle for the little brown job. This was Mme. Daché's third trip to Paris since the war, and she feels the French are back in the swing of work again. On her previous trip, textile manufacturers showed her samples, but were unable to guarantee delivery, and she got only about one third of what she ordered. This time they were able to deliver some of the things before she left so she could bring them home with her, and she expects to get 100 per cent of her orders this time. She feels the synthetic fabrics are "wonderful in looks, in interest, in wear" and has bought a lot to use in her new collection. She says, "Everything is in moderation in the French fashion collections. The tiny waist, rounded hipline, and fairly short skirt are still the basis of the silhouette, but there is no exaggeration. Just simple, beautiful clothes in wonderful fabrics, and simple, beautiful medium-size hats to go with them." Almost all the houses showed wide-brimmed hats swathed in veiling, but mostly the hats were of soft, crushable fabrics. Nobody wears earrings, according to Mme. Daché.

WHY TEACHERS GO NUTS: Little Willie's momma telephones Teacher and says, "Yesterday when I put Willie on the bus he was wearing handmade mittens with reindeer knitted into the backs. He

came home without them. I *do* hope you can find them.". . . The Rev. John Bell of the Church of the Incarnation reports that his five-year-old nephew said of his first day at kindergarten, "I like everything but the rest period." And Bill Funston's little girl came home sore as a pup from *her* first day. Her mother asked why she was so cross, and she replied, "They didn't teach me how to read!"

SWORDS OF GRASS

Continued from Page 29

just the other way around. The now conventional thing is for a girl to have affairs before she is married. The exception is not to. The latest returns indicate that something like sixty-eight per cent of our young women enter marriage with previous experience as compared to twelve per cent before World War One—and the tide is mounting!"

Modern though he considered himself to be, Anthony was shocked. The implications of Cara's drift were by now obvious.

"You mean—at Weston here?"

Cara nodded gravely. "Two out of three, I should say."

He was surprised at his own feeling of indignation; it was based not so much on moral grounds, he realized, but rather on those aesthetic and spiritual values so hard to explain.

"But they are robbing themselves of the most priceless experience of—of human communion," he said, "if love means anything at all. They are chiseling, wasting it away."

For some moments Cara regarded him with sober affection. "You *are* an idealist, dad. I love you and respect you for it. You and mother must have been wonderful—always."

ANTHONY stirred uncomfortably in his chair. Then he resolutely turned his mind from himself.

"You are a young and lovely and intelligent girl," he said, "and I'm an old dodo. I can't possibly advise you, and you wouldn't listen if I did. Has—has Hunter made any suggestion?"

"Lord, no. It's the girl who usually takes the lead nowadays—the brave emancipated new woman. Tell me, dad. How were these things handled in your time?"

He started a little. In *his* time? What would Lilith say to that? For the moment he did not care. He let himself be carried back to the edge of the twelve per cent. There hadn't been any problem then. There were good girls and bad girls, and you knew which was which. Some of the boys experimented with the latter. But, for the most part, you just fell in love and got married.

"It was a good deal simpler," he said. And he explained how.

Cara got up, took a few steps toward the door, turned.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"I don't know."

"I don't pretend to understand these things," he said, not quite truthfully, "but it seems to me that having a lot of affairs must hurt anyone. Like swords of grass—looking smooth, they still can cut." He lifted his shoulders a little helplessly. "Listen to your heart, my dear," he said. "Heed your taste, your sensibilities—oh, heck, there I go back into the eighteenth century!"

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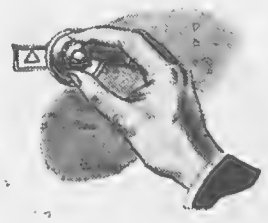

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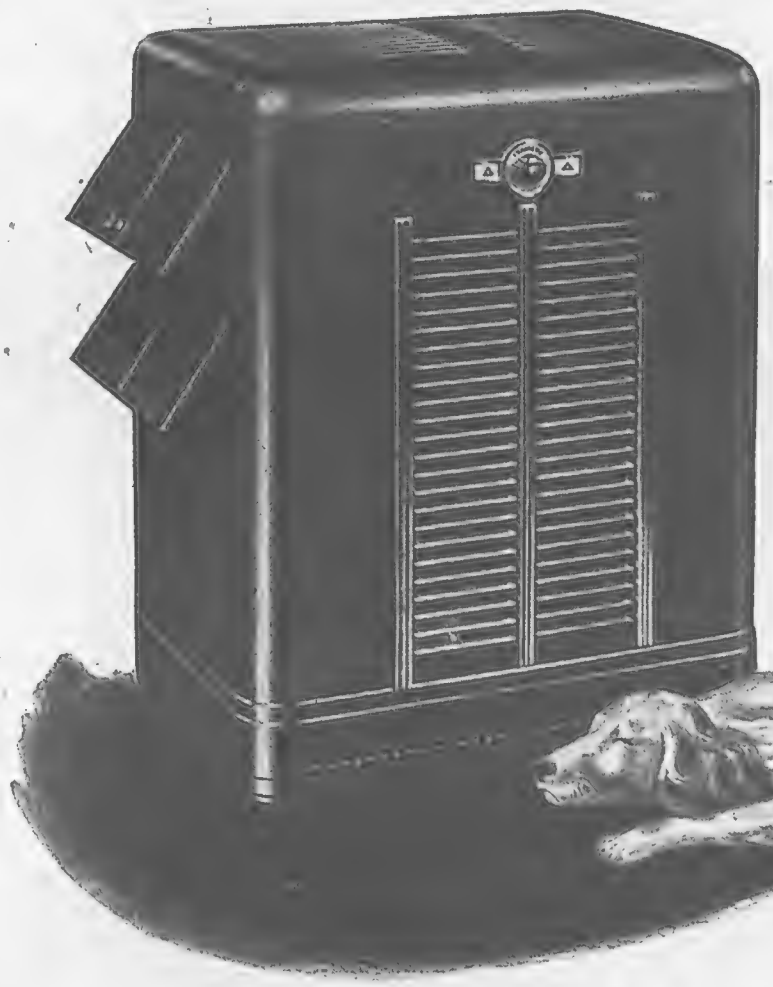

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MOVING slowly up the stairway, he wondered if Margaret would question his story of the Regional Intercollegiate English Teachers Conference at Middletown. And dismissed his uneasiness angrily. It only showed the edgy state he was in, he told himself. There *was* to be such a conference for two days the following week, and he was to be the Weston representative. That was a matter of record; it could be found in the college calendar and in the college newspaper. If Lilith were to select those two days to absent herself from her library duties to see a sick mother, he couldn't see that it was anybody's business.

Nevertheless, his honest mind could not deny the suggestion of intrigue which underlay the whole program, and it upset him.

He found Margaret seated at her dressing table, and he was struck by the straight youthfulness of her back. Having Cara hadn't hurt her figure. Now she was combing her dark hair. Over her shoulder he watched the reflection of her warm brown eyes; they seemed especially excited and bright. Why was it that a woman so obviously desirable should have ceased to make his own particular chemistry respond? He had come to that conclusion some time ago. For a surprised moment, now, he wondered if it were entirely true. He decided it was as good a time as any to remind her of the Middletown meeting.

"You know—" he began.

"Oh, Tony, do you mind having dinner alone tonight? There's a sudden ladies' faculty emergency, and we're going to have it out over dinner at the Weston Arms. Cara has some date or other."

"What is the nature of the emergency?"

"Something to do with the morals of our young. They seem to be in a parlous state. Thank the Lord we don't have to worry about Cara. We built her right."

"I guess we did."

She reached for the black dinner frock which lay on the bed, but Anthony, a little to his surprise, found himself bending over and imprinting a kiss on her smooth shoulder.

"Why, Tony, what a silly goose you are!" She laughed, a little nervously. "You act as if—"

"As if what?"

"As if you were a Don Juan of twenty."

It was a thought. "Maybe I am."

Margaret got up and slipped the black frock over her head. Her eyes danced. She was like a girl going to a party.

"You'll be gone a night at that Middletown thing next week, won't you?"

"Yes. How did you remember?"

"Haven't I managed all your comings and goings for twenty years?"

"Yes, you have."

"Will you need your glad rags?"

"As a student of language, I love archaic slang. I suppose I'll need my dinner jacket. There may be a night affair."

After a moment of thought, Margaret said, "I'm glad you're going. You need to see new people. A man shouldn't spend all his time with one stuffy wife." She placed a light kiss on his forehead. "You won't want the car, will you?"

"No, I won't want the car."

"Don't wait up for me. You know how women chatter far, far into the night."

IN the hotel room at Middletown, a hundred and fifty miles from Weston, Anthony Martin struggled with his black tie, realizing how dependent he was upon Margaret's clever fingers. Would Lilith come up and finish it for him? Could she? He laughed a little. He had never thought of skill in knotting men's tuxedo ties as determining a woman's eligibility.

The English teachers' meeting had made him feel very tired and a little old. Where the sessions had not actually bored him, they had discouraged him. There were so many bright young things with newer and more enterprising ideas of how to teach Beowulf and Chaucer. But, after all, what did Beowulf and Chaucer matter in the long run?

It was all rather upsetting, this feeling old, when he wanted to feel especially young. What had Margaret called him—Don Juan? Curiously, he had come nearer to really feeling the part in that single moment with her, with his lips against her shoulder—than he did now.

THE sudden burst of the telephone startled him.

It was Lilith.

"Are you coming up?" he said. "We could have a cocktail here." His voice was shaky, whether from fatigue or apprehension he couldn't be sure.

"I don't know, Anthony. I'm awfully nervous."

The declaration failed to soothe him. "If you have any doubts at all, I shouldn't think of coming up," he snapped.

"Anthony, don't speak like that. Can't you be a little kind? A girl in my position can't afford to—"

"I'll be down," he said.

He had never before realized that Lilith's voice could take on a querulous note.

In the elevator going down, he caught a glimpse of the tie; one wing was monstrous. He grinned without amusement. In character of the absent-minded professor, he thought. Definitely not Don Juan.

It was a moment or two before he found Lilith in the lobby. She had hidden herself behind a pillar in a big red plush chair. Her pale anxious face vexed him, and he noticed with a sense of shock that her cheeks were thinner than he had thought. And then he was looking down into her large, beseeching gray eyes, and he had a momentary experience of that tug toward her which had led to all this. She was young and pretty and appealingly pathetic. She needed him. Margaret did not need him. Margaret was complete in herself. At the thought, he tried to summon up a sense of bitterness.

Standing in the doorway to the dining room, Lilith whispered, "Couldn't we sit over there, in that corner?"

She pointed to a table half hidden by a tall potted palm. Anthony led the way, murmuring to her grimly through lips that scarcely moved:

"There's nothing illegal about a lady dining with a college professor attending intercollegiate sessions in a large American city."

(*Continued on page 70*)

"I lithp . . ."

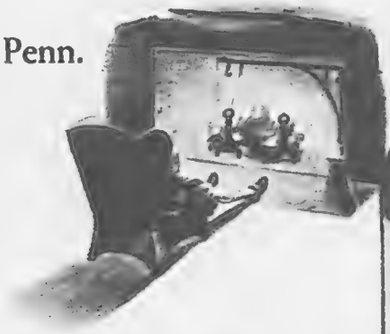
LIBERTY

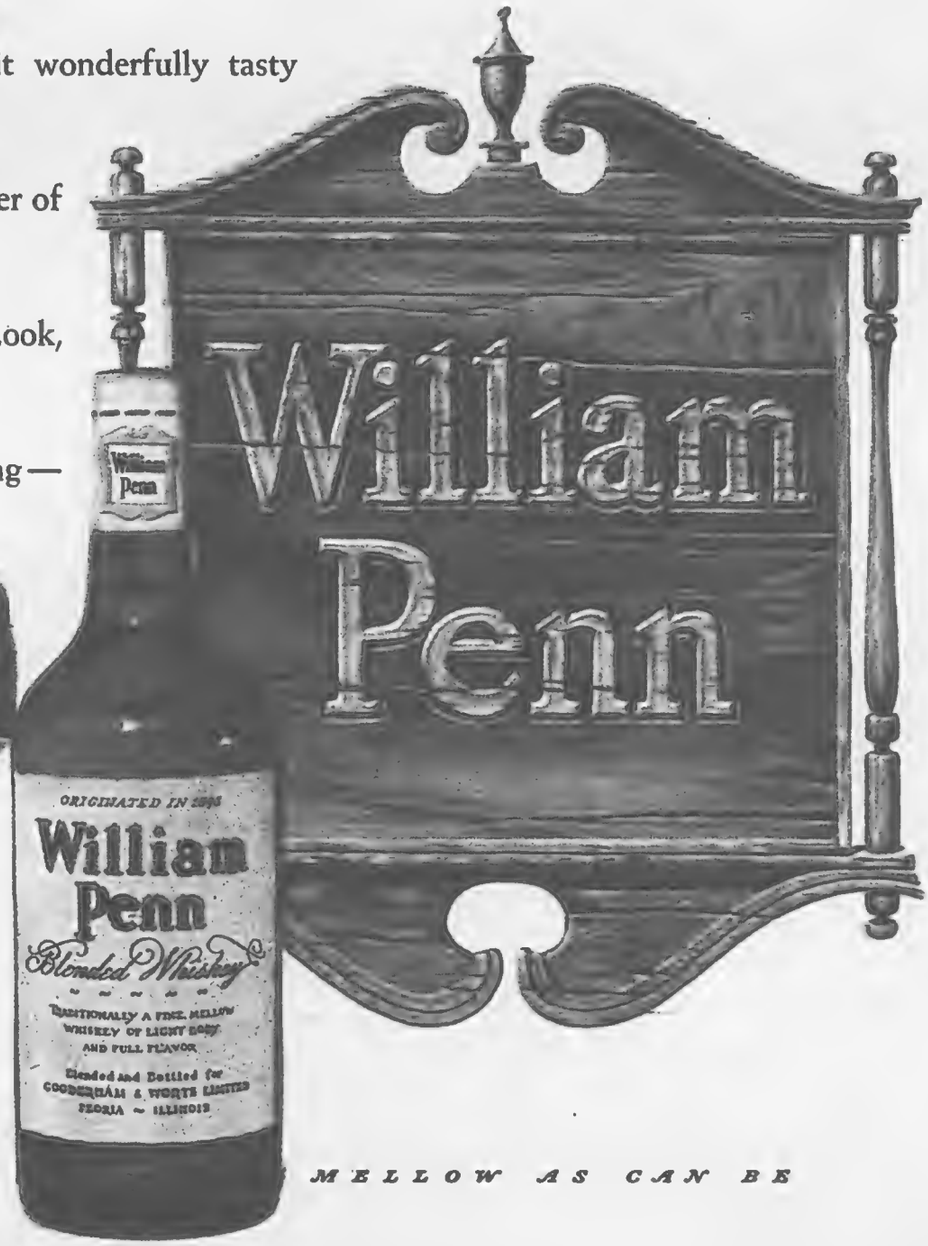
If Old Inn Walls Could Speak..

they would tell of bygone days and feasts . . . of roast partridge, broiled lobsters, venison, and soul-warming measures of gentle, old-fashioned

spirits! That's the sort of hospitality your inn guests enjoyed long ago, and in that pleasant tradition William Penn Whiskey is

made by veteran craftsmen for your enjoyment today. You'll find it wonderfully tasty and fragrant, and a cheery promoter of old-fashioned hospitality, too! Look, next time, for the label reading— William Penn.





Blended Whiskey—86 proof
65% grain neutral spirits
Gooderham & Worts Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

"Williams! You're fired!"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 68*)

"Anthony, you sound so strange."

"There." He pulled out her chair. "Your back will be to the room. No one will see you."

"Please don't be angry, Anthony. It's just that—a girl in my position—"

She let it dangle. He tried to look at the matter fairly. Compared to his, her position seemed to be very small onions. He had Margaret to think of—and Cara.

"Would you care for some wine?"

A warm smile greeted the suggestion, her first attempt at gaiety. "Isn't that in the classic tradition?" she said. "Champagne and—and squab. And then the maiden's undoing."

THIS was a little better. This was more in the charming mood they had established in exchanges, rather sprightly academic exchanges across the librarian's desk in Wright Memorial Seminar.

"We'll do it in the classic tradition, by Jove! Waiter, champagne and squab. Veuve-Clicquot, the best year you have. And what would you say to asparagus hollandaise?"

Her face brightened. "I'm going to have fun," she said aloud, as if reassuring herself. "You don't mind if I'm a little frightened?"

"On the contrary, I consider it delicate and proper—and a tremendous compliment to me. Have you made all the necessary arrangements?"

She cast her eyes down, and suddenly he felt he could kill her for that gesture.

"I told mother the night session might be so late, I'd better stay downtown. Mother is so trusting."

The champagne arrived and he had three glasses quickly. They did nothing for him.

At a glass and a half, Lilith stretched her hand across the table to his. "Darling, I feel quite giddy. I love you so."

He made a scholarly mental note that her inhibitions were dissolving; her moral censor was going off duty. Oddly, it did not raise his pulse beat. Almost the contrary, in fact!

And then he saw Cara.

No one could miss that gossamer, unreal lemon-yellow hair; nor the red shock on the young man who sat beside her in the center of the dining room. Anthony half rose from his chair, his napkin clenched tightly in his hand. At that moment Cara's glance, sweeping the room, met his. For a long, tense moment their eyes burned deeply into each other. Cara turned her head away. There had not been a quiver of recognition.

When they had finished their dinner, which Anthony scarcely touched, Lilith said, "You're so quiet."

"I'm awfully tired."

"Perhaps you won't want to go to the night session."

"No."

He had made his decision. Rather involuntary forces beyond his control seemed to have made it for him. Similarly, these forces appeared to be speaking for him. For his voice was without embarrassment, as though he were hardly aware of the woman before him.

"I shan't attend tomorrow's either. I'm not up to it. Perhaps you will be good enough to tell the chairman that I am indisposed and am going home. Better still, I'll write a note. I'll take the next bus for Weston. Midnight, I believe it leaves. This won't embarrass you?"

Lilith's face showed an odd mixture of emotions: chagrin, injured vanity—and relief. Women presented the most extraordinary paradoxes, Martin reflected with part of his mind.

"Mother won't notice the difference," she said. And somehow that seemed to sum up Lilith's life.

"I'll put you in a cab."

HE stood at the bus station, his suitcase at his feet, his mind whirling; but his heart relaxed.

An automobile, coming out of a side street, briefly crossed him with its headlight, pulled up to the curb.

"May I give a gentleman a lift?"

It was Cara. Somehow he was not surprised to see her. Tossing his bag in, he stepped in beside her.

"I guess you know where," he said.

"Yes."

Not until they had nearly reached Weston did either of them speak.

"You remember how, long ago, before the first war, a girl would occasionally repudiate the moral code, defy the conventions?" Cara asked.

"Yes."

"You remember how daring we thought her?—I'm using the impersonal we; I wasn't born—and how we often secretly sympathized with her? At least, we admired her courage."

"I remember."

"Well, I'm going to defy the conventions—the new conventions." Her laugh rang out gaily. "I'm going to wait for the one guy."

His hand crept to cover hers on the steering wheel. "I would never have told you what to do. I had to rely on you. What did Jake say?"

"He was rather angry."

"He'll get over it."

"I think so."

She turned into the drive before their home, shut off the motor. Although it was nearly four o'clock, a light in the second story told them that Margaret was still awake. Cara turned to him.

"Dad, if it seems a sacrifice—this keeping yourself for one person—that's the sacrifice you want to make. That's the gift you want to give. There's very little else unique that you can do for a person, and this seems to me the ultimate expression of what you can do. It alone makes your marriage important, because it alone makes it exclusive."

Yes, that was what he wanted to do for Margaret, what he wanted them always to have. Their exclusive love.

He jumped out of the car and ran up the steps lightly as a boy.

He was in their room, bending over her. Her hair was a tangle of dark seaweed on the pillow; an open book lay down on her stomach, a familiar, cherished picture. How could he have forgotten it?

"I must have gone to sleep reading," she said sleepily as she raised her round arms from lacy sleeves. "You're home! Is anything wrong?"

He kissed the drowsy eyes. "No, nothing is wrong. Everything is very right."

As Cara said, it was the gift you wanted to give.

THE END

MEN Worshipped...Cursed...
Hated...Loved Her!

The Locket

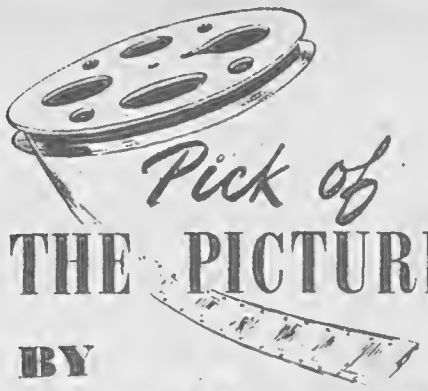
Starring

LARAINE DAY
BRIAN AHERNE
ROBERT MITCHUM
GENE RAYMOND

with SHARYN MOFFETT • RICARDO CORTEZ • HENRY STEPHENSON

Produced by BERT GRANET • Directed by JOHN BRAHM • Screen Play by ANTHONY VEILLER

RKO RADIO



BY
VIRGINIA SPIES

The Dark Mirror

THE DARK MIRROR is an absorbing, supercharged thriller—a Freudian-tinged study of identical twin sisters who play a harrowing game of hide-and-seek with murder.

Doing double dramatic duty, Olivia De Havilland neatly portrays both a man-crazy paranoiac killer and her sane, unsuspecting twin. The realism of Olivia's acting is matched by some of the most interesting scenes of clinical psychiatry ever shown on the screen.

A detective (Thomas Mitchell) is certain that one of the girls has murdered a society doctor. But because they're identical, and both seem to have perfect alibis, he's powerless until a psychiatrist (Lew Ayres) steps in. Ayres puts the girls through involved laboratory tests and comes to these conclusions: (1) There is a Good Twin and a Bad Twin; (2) the Bad Twin is the killer, but slyly has placed guilt in the Good Twin's mind; (3) there's going to be another mad slaying soon.

As Ayres has fallen in love with the Good Twin (both go for him), he sets himself up as a human booby trap which finally, without further bloodshed, gets the unalike look-alikes straightened out.

Though the film doesn't have the suspense of the usual mystery, and you soon know Miss Good from Miss Bad, director Robert Siodmak has loaded it with the brooding inten-

A fascinating case history of identical twins, this new Universal-International melodrama features an excellent double-time performance by Olivia De Havilland as both a murderess and a martyr.

One of the twins relaxes with Lew Ayres, a psychiatrist in cahoots with the police. It's his job to discover, through adroit scientific tests, whether it's this twin or her sister who is guilty of the crime.

sity that marked his Spiral Staircase and The Killers. The scenes in which the mad sister fondles scissors and letter openers, and those in which she shrewdly tries to drive her twin insane, are masterpieces of sustained horror.

Also deftly done are the three laboratory tests that Ayres — who acts like Dr. Kildare with a mustache and postgraduate degree in psychiatry—springs on the girls. At considerable length—so much so, in fact, that moviegoers have time to participate—he gives them word-association quizzes, a session with a lie detector, and the fascinating Rorschach test, which consists of finding images in ink blots.

These first-rate case histories of human behavior, plus Olivia De Havilland's outstanding double-time performance, make this Universal-International movie a must for all who like a gripping assortment of complexes and corpses.

Lew Ayres, Thomas Mitchell, and the Good Twin stand by while the insane sister at last gives herself away.

Olivia's fine acting is backed up by the superior directing of Robert Siodmak, who specializes in brooding thrillers.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST (Paramount). Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy are part of the crew in this tough and tangy version of a great sea classic.
ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER (United Artists). Here is a wonderful fantasy that features slick performances by Paul Muni, Claude Rains, and Anne Baxter.
THE JOLSON STORY (Columbia). A schmaltzy, spirited, and unforgettable tribute to one of our greatest entertainers, with Larry Parks playing Jolson.
HOME SWEET HOMICIDE (20th Century-Fox). Peggy Ann Garner and some other youngsters make this an amusing adaptation of Craig Rice's comedy-mystery.
SISTER KENNY (RKO). An excellent film biography of the Australian nurse in which Rosalind Russell gives a performance of Academy Award caliber.
CLOAK AND DAGGER (Warner Bros.). Gary Cooper and talented Lilli Palmer (in her first American movie) dramatize O.S.S. operations in Italy.
THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.
BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.
HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish Technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, José Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

M-G-M Star on the Cover

★ Seldom has a star skyrocketed so quickly into the favor of fans throughout the country as has Gregory Peck. In the short space of three years, and in four pictures, Gregory Peck has become the screen idol of millions and is recognized as one of Hollywood's outstanding stars.

★ That record would be good enough reason, in itself, for Greg to appear on the cover. But this is the year of "The Yearling", and after you have seen Greg's magnificent performance in "The Yearling", you'll say that this is also 'The Year of Gregory Peck'.

★ "The Yearling", Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, was in production for four years. It is not often that a studio spends so much time on a picture, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer knew they had a story so humanly great, it would rank as one of the all-time best.

★ The part of Penny Baxter, a pioneer farmer in the wild Florida scrub country, presented a very difficult casting problem—until Gregory Peck came along. His lanky 6' 2½" frame, lithe 170 pounds, unruly brown hair and thoughtful brown eyes bring the earthy, hardworking, philosophical Penny to pulsing, vivid life.

★ Greg was born at La Jolla, Calif., and during his early schooling there and in San Diego, he planned to become a doctor. After a year at San Diego College, he entered the University of Southern California. Versatile at almost everything, Greg was on the crew and starred in college plays. By graduation time, Greg had abandoned medicine to major in English and Drama.

★ A scholarship to the New York Neighborhood Playhouse School of Dramatics gave him additional dramatic training and Broadway parts followed. Katherine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic recognized his unusual talent, and Greg was given lead roles.

★ Then came Hollywood—and by the time Greg had finished his first picture, he was under contract to make fifteen more in the next four years. Gregory Peck's success story probably has no rival in all filmdom's history . . . any wonder?

Watch for his next M-G-M film hit

☆ ☆ "THE YEARLING" ☆ ☆

In Technicolor

WILL IT BE BOOM AND BUST AGAIN?

Continued from Page 13

$21,000,000 total deposits each year. Since 1944, only one small bank with $405,000 deposits has gone into default.

The second safeguard against disaster in case of another depression is the Social Security Act of 1935 which established both unemployment compensation and old-age insurance. Although you hear little about the Act in these days of prosperity, it stands ready to become a great shock absorber at the beginning of any downswing in business.

States with 80 per cent of all insured manual and white-collar workers now provide for a maximum weekly unemployment benefit of at least $20 per capita, to be paid for a maximum period of at least twenty weeks. Some states still lag behind.

Meanwhile a huge and steadily growing unemployment reserve fund is being built up to take care of those who might lose their jobs if the business cycle turns downward. It amounts already to $7,500,000,000 and employers continue to pay in an average of nearly 2 per cent of their expanding payrolls.

Benefit payments to the aged, at present about $700,000,000 a year, will of course continue through good years and bad.

In any future economic crisis, the payment of social insurance benefits, it is believed, would not only help the jobless and aged by providing them with a minimum income, but at the same time would help manufacturers, storekeepers, and farmers to retain millions of customers and stave off the danger of collapse. Thus the government, management and labor, farm organizations, and the public would gain time to work out appropriate economic policies before a full-fledged depression could develop.

The third safeguard that did not exist when the last crash occurred prevents "shoestring" speculation in the stock markets. Remember the laconic statement in the newspapers some months ago that "margin" transactions in the stock markets had been made unlawful? Most financial commentators, at the time, played down its importance. There was so much ready cash in the hands of the public, they said, that everybody was paying the full price of the stock he bought.

They were right enough as to the present. But the ready money in the people's hands will dwindle when full shelves in the stores give them better opportunities for spending. Their interest in "playing the market," however, will remain. It might eventually revive the old temptation to buy on "margin" several times as many stocks as could be paid for in cash.

But it is no longer possible to borrow part of the purchase price of stocks from the brokers, as everybody from bellhop to banker did in the '20s. Without the margin trade, therefore, people can't be caught again on the loss of borrowed money in the stock markets. That isn't to say, however, that you can't lose on cash purchases in the stock markets. You may, in fact, lose considerably, even before there is an economic crisis, unless you make use of another safeguard which the administration created since the last crash, for you to apply on your own initiative.

That fourth safeguard is the Securities and Exchange Commission. It is a federal agency set up under the Securities Act of 1933 to protect the public from fraud and misrepresentation in the sale and manipulation of securities and from overvaluating even the soundest of them.

THE S.E.C. keeps a watchful eye on the financial status of all corporations whose securities are offered for sale. It collects, checks and discloses all the pertinent facts about corporations from which the value of securities can be judged.

But make no mistake about it: the mere fact that the S.E.C. stands guard over the securities business does not mean that all the stocks and bonds you are offered are "good." It means only that the S.E.C. makes it possible for you to inform yourself on the value of the securities you may own or want to buy.

Through your bank or broker, or directly through its own offices in Philadelphia, the S.E.C. will provide you with detailed, objective information on any company, large or small, in whose securities you may be interested.

If every amateur buyer would make use of the S.E.C.'s readiness to protect him, there need not be a repetition of that Wall Street crash which, within a year, wiped out capital values to the tune of thirty billion dollars.

The fifth safeguard against economic disaster is also in your own hands. It is the throttle you hold on the markets of food and clothing, durable goods and real estate, on your own pocketbook, your savings and credit.

Remember how the American people, unaware of the mechanics of the business cycle, contributed to the breathtaking speed of the boom and to the inevitable crash that followed?

Remember how indiscriminately and recklessly people spent their wages and salaries and credit when business was on the upswing? How they borrowed and spent again, in spite of inflated prices, forgetting all rules of prudence and reasonable household budgeting? How they piled up debts on instalment purchases and mortgaged their homes and farms and life insurance policies?

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Events during the last few months have shown that you *do* remember.

After the shortages caused by the war you are still on something of a buying spree. Continuing shortages still make it difficult for you to weigh the urgency of your wants against the prices you are asked to pay and the values you are offered.

Yet, even so, storekeepers agree that you have become much more selective in your buying; that you go once more from one store to another, comparing prices, until you have found the best possible bargain, instead of plunking down your cash for whatever goods you may be offered.

Government figures show that, instead of using up quickly what wartime savings you made, you still continue to save from your current income, in spite of the rising cost of living. Net savings in the first quarter of 1946, according to the Commerce Department, were still larger than at any time prior to the war, although they had, of course, fallen far below their wartime high.

YOU are probably not quite certain yet what your spending policies will be when more and better goods flow into the market, and when the persistent salesman comes back into the picture to start his selling offensive.

But at the back of your mind, it seems, there will remain the new awareness that you have your hand on the throttle of the boom wagon —and the new conviction that you must hold tight while prices are rising or stay high. The last boom-and-bust cycle has taught you that this is the only way of avoiding a waste of your hard-earned money and of preventing another dangerous boom and its inevitable consequence, another crash.

But sooner or later the time will come when you'll have to let up on your throttle, at first slowly and then more liberally. For a buyers' strike, too, can have disastrous consequences.

Production is already larger than in any previous peacetime year, although still far below its vastly increased capacity. It is bound for astonishing new record heights. Eventually production will outstrip our current purchasing power, as it always does in the normal business cycle. Prices will begin to fall, at first slowly and then more quickly. Finally workers will be in danger of losing their jobs because manufacturers will want to adjust supply to demand.

That will be the time for you to open your purchasing throttle as wide as you can. For, unless you come out then with a good part of the liquid reserves you have kept, a serious depression may develop out of the normal downswing of the business cycle.

In the '30s, the people were not able to support the falling markets with increased purchases. Instead of having savings they might have used in addition to their current income, they were up to their necks in debt.

Next time, things should be somewhat different. For personal debts are still low. Many people have paid off their prewar debts and mortgages. Our financial slates are cleaner than they have been for many years. The liquid savings of individuals have never been as large as they are now.

Unfortunately, however, these savings are far from being equally distributed. Therefore, only some of us will be able to spend more out of savings. This is why the bulk of consumers cannot be expected to help as much in halting the eventual downward trend of the business cycle by increased buying as they can help today in controlling its upward swing by holding out for lower prices.

THIS is why the choice and execution of proper economic policies from "above" will be even more important when the time comes to prevent a deep depression than they are in avoiding a runaway boom.

Here, too, there is reason for hope that things may go better than they did between the two world wars.

For there is a last potential safeguard in the improved knowledge of detecting the causes of the ups and downs in the business cycle and of preventing it from getting out of hand. This knowledge was acquired in the hard school of the '30s.

Today the government finds out and reports regularly, with little loss of time, what the conditions and trends are in every economic field. For instance, with fresh figures coming in from month to month, we should see the slightest signs of crisis in the employment situation early enough to discuss and agree on action before a real emergency arises.

Nor is the balance between supply and demand and its impact on prices of goods as much a matter of guesswork as it used to be. The full array of our improved business statistics shows in much greater detail than has ever before been available the discrepancy between demand and supply which our top officials must try to adjust.

To judge developments more thoroughly, we also have to know about the trend of savings and credit, which add purchasing power to our current national income; about the movement of raw material to factories and the purchase of new productive machinery by industry. which forecast the trend of the supply of manufactured goods; and about inventories which indicate the volume of goods in the pipelines between producers and consumers. On all these and many more vital subjects a great wealth of reliable information is now available.

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facts of economic life at the disposal of those responsible for the nation's well-being will be used in the best possible manner to steer a safe course toward greater prosperity.

Grave mistakes are still possible. Not only in policy, but even in the mere interpretation of economic facts. The months since V-J Day have shown this only too clearly.

Yet it seems that, even if the wrong turn of the road were taken again and another boom and depression developed out of the present confusion, it should be easier than it was last time to devise adequate action for the prevention of disaster.

Whatever the merits and demerits of the New Deal may have been, it was the world's first practical experience in fighting a serious depression in super-modern capitalistic economy. Both its successes and failures provide a good deal of guidance for the future.

If depression threatens once more, those lessons of the past will be extremely useful—no matter which political party is in power.

THE END

THE NEW BATTLE OF GERMANY

Continued from Page 27

Party" last spring was a logically predictable step in the Kremlin plans for Communist control of Europe. When political life first revived in Germany after the war, four parties were given legal status. In a few months it became evident that the Social Democrats were the strongest party and the Communists, in numerical following, the weakest.

BUT weak though the party was numerically, it gained tremendous administrative power throughout the Russian zone by the simple fact that all the key positions in the local governments were handed over to those who had sworn allegiance to Moscow. Inevitably, a free election would have been a crippling blow to this set-up; those in power would have been swept out and replaced by Social Democrats. The answer was, "Merge the two parties under a new name before such a catastrophic election can take place." This was done. And now no one is a Communist any more in the Soviet zone; they are all Unity boys, no longer faced with the embarrassing question of how a party controlling at most only 10 per cent of the vote can hold 90 per cent of the government offices.

That a powerful will to resist Communism still exists in Germany, given a chance, was proven by the countermoves of the Social Democrats in Berlin to the attempt to force the Communist-planned merger down their throats. After weeks of intensive political battling, they finally succeeded in pushing through their demands that the merger must be decided by referendum. On the day set aside for the elections, a fine Sunday morning in March, thousands of Social Democrats turned out to vote all over Berlin. When they reached the polling places in the Soviet sector, they found themselves faced by the bristling machine pistols of sturdy Siberian guards. The Soviet administration had acted quickly: officers had occupied the polling places, and forbade all voting on the grounds of "technical mistakes made by the Social Democrats in applying for permission to hold the plebescite." Many Social Democrats were arrested, and released after the voting was over. In the western sectors of the city, however, the overwhelming majority against the merger was sufficient to carry the anti-merger decision for Berlin.

As head of the anti-merger Social Democratic Party in Berlin, Franz Neumann has, without doubt, the toughest political job in Germany today. Under the quadripartite agreement of May 30, 1946, the Social Democratic Party is supposed to have complete freedom of movement in all four sectors of the city. Yet all of Neumann's energy—which is enormous—and most of his meager gasoline rations are spent in an unending struggle to get his party colleagues out of Soviet custody and cleared of trumped-up charges.

IN Berlin, the disappearance of men of political parties opposed to Communism is now so common as to be taken for granted. The American radio and licensed press is openly denounced by the Russians as "pro-Fascist," and people in the Soviet zone have been heavily fined and punished for receiving American-licensed papers and magazines through the mail. Not until after Byrnes' speech did General McClure retaliate by outlawing Soviet propaganda in our zone.

Despite the quadripartite agreement on the feeding of Berlin, Soviet authorities have cut off distribution of vegetables and fruits to the western sectors of the city—this, doubtless, to make the Berliner realize he must rely on the Red Army's good will for the food on his table. Ration cards and jobs depend entirely upon political consideration.

On the other hand, it is as profitable to play ball as it is dangerous to refuse. When you see a streamlined Maibach driven down the shattered streets of Berlin, you can bet your bottom dollar that the man ensconced in the luxurious cushions is a Communist Party leader. Moscow-trained Wilhelm Pieck, whose name and pictures have virtually replaced the Hitler emblems, street and *Platz* names in the Soviet zone, personally owns no less than seven limousines. Second in command of the party, shrewd master strategist Walter Ulbricht, who also returned from Moscow after Germany's defeat, flies about in a private airplane.

". . . and you haven't said a word about my new dress!"

LIBERTY

Those who opposed the merger found that a change in their political attitude effected a simultaneous, miraculous change in their financial circumstances.

Considering the amount of pressure exerted, both in the form of personal danger to the opposers and bribery to those who capitulated, it would not have been surprising had the Soviet-planned merger come off without a hitch. Despite everything, German democratic resistance was so strong that without any support from the Western allies, the Social Democratic Party is still in existence in Berlin today. In the Soviet zone, of course, the party was doomed, and was abolished as a political entity immediately after the creation of the S.E.D., or Unity Party.

AS Neumann exclaimed desperately in a recent meeting, "At the end of war many of us believed that never again could the exercise of brute force decide political issues. It is high time now, fifteen months after the defeat of Hitler, that we acquire again the most primitive rights of human beings." The reaction of the meeting was almost explosive, with applause and cries of approval ringing out for several minutes.

Franz Neumann at forty-one is the youngest among important political figures in Germany today. Since his earliest youth Neumann has lived with the Social Democratic banner as his Holy Grail. His continued Social Democratic activities in the '30s were designated by the Nazi courts as high treason, and he spent a year and a half in jail at that time. He was also beaten up on various occasions, experiences which have prepared him nicely against the circumstances in which he now lives.

The Soviets have never made any bones about their political intentions in Germany—and for that matter, neither have the British, who strongly back the Social Democrats in their zone. The only occupation army or Military Government which has remained aloof and "disinterested" is the American.

Our policy is to lean over backward to avoid any favoritism at all. The policy was somewhat crudely expressed by an American captain in discussing a German politician who was to lecture for the American-licensed radio. He said, "I don't care if he's too weak to speak, I wouldn't give him an extra ration." The political speaker in question is now holding forth on the Soviet-licensed radio in Berlin. Like everybody else in his position, he receives a very substantial food package from the Russians once a month (four pounds of meat, one and a half pounds of butter, six pounds of cereal, sugar, and so forth).

IT is because of American aloofness that the political fight in Berlin is so lopsided, and that democracy stands as an image of weak-kneed indecision in the face of rousing, militant, club-flailing opposition.

When the head of the Social Democrats in the British zone, Dr. Kurt Schumacher, was in Berlin for a quick press conference and party meeting, a correspondent suggested driving him back to his home base in Hannover by car, thus affording time for a talk. Schumacher raised his one arm in an instinctive gesture of startled negation. "But that is impossible," he said. "I would never get through the Russian zone." And he was right. He had to be flown into and out of Berlin by British military air transport. Yet when the heads of the Unity Party, which is not even legally recognized as a party in the American and British zones, traveled and held conferences in western Germany with permission of the American and British, they felt free to request the gasoline for their travels from American Military Government. Walter Ulbrecht and Max Fechner traveled in the American zone, and Wilhelm Pieck and Otto Grotewohl barnstormed the British zone. Such is the difference between Western policies and Russian aims in Europe.

That our whole policy in European politics has been morally correct is unquestionable. But to be morally correct is not nearly enough to meet the exigencies of the case. The only information that the German people *en masse* get is Soviet-sponsored news and propaganda. This tends to represent our brand of democracy as a terrible threat, a capitalist menace and a "Fascist" scheme. While we have rigidly forbidden our Tagesspiegel to criticize Soviet tactics, the Soviet-controlled press is ordered to cut out anything that might cast a favorable reflection on the Western allies. A good example is the recent American Military Govern-

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ment press conference given for German journalists in Berlin—the first of its kind staged since the end of the war. The Soviets forbade mention of this conference in the papers controlled by them, because the German journalists were granted permission henceforth to apply direct to our Military Government for news information. This is diametrically opposed to Soviet principle.

When Dr. Schumacher, who spent ten years in concentration camps in Hitler Germany, began an outspoken campaign against the merger, the Soviet Izvestia printed the claim that he had denounced ninety fellow prisoners at Dachau to the Nazis, thereby causing their annihilation. At the date given by Izvestia for this treachery, Schumacher wasn't even at Dachau. The whole story was equally phony, as could easily be proven. Pamphlets repeating this story are produced by the million on paper brought in from the Soviet zone, while American Military Government says that it is a great pity that we don't happen to have any paper to spare for his defense.

AS a speaker, Schumacher can whip great crowds into a frenzy. His recent Berlin mass-meeting speech was denounced as being far too critical of the Allies, in that he demanded a fulfillment of the Potsdam Agreement, tore into the Unity Party, and two minutes later into the Allied industrial plan. "Let us work or leave us to die of hunger!" he shouted. "We don't want your charity; we want payment for our work. We are now worse off than ever." It brought down the house.

Schumacher is a powerful democratic force, even though he sometimes sorely irritates his Allied friends. Many an American points to Schumacher as the perfect example of why our neutrality is desirable. "The British backed the Social Democrats," they say, "and get a load of what they've got on *their* hands."

This is a nearsighted viewpoint from the long perspective of the greater issues involved in the European conflict. The people of Europe are hopelessly casting about for some solution, some savior. The rich promises and flowery words of men like Wilhelm Pieck, the militant support he receives from the Communists and the showmanship that goes with it, pack a terrific appeal to the frustrated. The people can be sold on democracy, but they cannot be expected to fight unaided for it, and to fight fear and hunger for it as well.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Then there's the one about a little girl with a mischievous idea. Her mother tried to dissuade her by saying, "Let's not, and say we did."

Daughter had her own idea. "Oh, no. Let's do it, and say we didn't."
—Dan Schreiber.

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FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

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THAT, DEAR LADY, IS A MATTER OF OPINION!
MISS SHARP! CAN I SEE YOU A MINUTE?
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TELL THEM HE LEFT FOR-
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Continued next week

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Thanks for the Memory

CLARA BOW, like that well-known tree, grew up in Brooklyn and became a sensation as the "IT" girl. You might need a little memorandum to recall the fiery redhead that became the No. 1 flapper of the '20s.

Clara was still in high school when she was elected the best-looker in a magazine beauty contest and won a screen test. She made a hit in Down to the Sea in Ships and knocked a homer in a torrid film called IT, by Elinor Glyn, a writer of stories about girls who love and learn.

For better or worse, it was Clara who started many a style. She was the first to paint her fingernails, the first to wear slacks, and the first to platinum her hair.

She retired from the screen in 1930 and attempted a comeback in 1932; but "IT," like prohibition, was dead. An era known as the Roaring Twenties had ended. Curtain!—*Allan Witwer.*

"THEM HOLLYWOOD NUTS"

Continued from Page 25

brought to Silver Springs, where the bear shots were made, and used in a close-up of a chase. When he did not respond to shouted commands, Eddie Faust, one of the animal trainers, touched him with a small battery shocking machine. That was prodding enough and the bear finished the scene satisfactorily; but the minute the director yelled, "Cut and print!" the bear turned, ran past half a dozen other persons, grabbed Faust and started chewing on his leg. The fact that the bear was toothless saved Faust's life; but he was bruised badly.

DOGS also play an important part in The Yearling. Old Julie, bear-hound of the book, is played by a brindled old creature who already was past her prime when purchased here for the first filming attempt, and who now is well tempered by age. Buck, part bull, and Rip, an out-and-out mongrel, are featured in some of the most beautiful scenes in the picture. You'll see them running through cypress swamps, swimming swift-running streams, and, in a few close-ups, actually attacking the stuntman in the bear suit. What you will not see will be Mac Weatherwax, recently discharged from the army, where he was a K-9 trainer, running ahead of the camera dragging a snarling Florida wildcat in a gunny sack to work the dogs into a realistic frenzy.

Faust, her trainer, for years had been teaching old Julie to retrieve, using one of his old pocketbooks as bait. On location out in the Big Scrub east of Silver Springs one day he lost the wallet containing some $300 in poker winnings from the night before. The whole crew joined in the search without success. A week later old Julie walked onto the set and dropped the mud-stained wallet at Faust's feet, money intact.

Mrs. Rawlings' novel, you remember, centered around a fawn and a typical Florida backwoods youngster whose constant battle was to keep the pet out of conflict with his mother—Jacqueline White, whom you saw briefly in Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo and Song of Russia, but whom you will long remember when you've seen this production. Clarence Brown searched several Southern communities, posing as a school inspector, before spotting ten-year-old Claude Jarman, Jr., in a Nashville classroom. His scenes with a little spotted fawn would bring tears to a reform-school matron's eyes.

Bill McNally is always on the lookout for new ideas, and when one of my cracker friends told him folks around here stunted the growth of coonhounds with moonshine, inspiration hit him hard. "We've got to keep Flag, the fawn, and his stand-ins from growing too fast during this filming," he told supply officer Charles O'Malley. "I'll need a quart of bourbon a day to do it." O'Malley provided the bourbon, and I personally saw it being fed to the fawns—one teaspoonful each evening. I don't know what happened to the rest of it, but everyone wondered all during the filming how the animal department stayed so jolly.

There are several scenes involving buzzards in the picture. Some twenty of the loathsome fowls were trapped and deodorized before being brought onto the set. With cameras trained on them, they were hobbled and placed around a simulated deer carcass from which Penny, in the story, had extracted the liver to apply on a rattler's bite. Buzzards have a disagreeable habit of disgorging carrion when disturbed, preferably on their enemies. Some of the natives, led by a brave and unknowing cameraman from Hollywood, rushed in to excite the birds and cause them to fly into the branches of a near-by tree. With one movement all the buzzards turned and aimed their anger at their tormentors. The camera, which some prankster had turned on at that particular time, clearly portrays Californians and Floridians joined in one great upheaval: definitely outdoing the birds.

Rose Allen, young Silver Springs herpetologist who doubled for Gregory Peck in the scene where Penny Baxter is bitten by a rattlesnake, extracted the fangs from a five-foot reptile repulsive enough to guarantee a New England winter shiver when you see it on the screen. The cameras were focused for a close-up of the strike on Allen's arm when Clarence Brown looked at the scene through a color register. "We'll have to put some make-up on that snake's head to make the pattern show up," he said.

"Make-up!" an assistant director yelled, and Lee Stanfield came running. He took one look at the problem and turned to Brown. "You want the property man," he said, and turned away. Lew Crolley, first prop, was called, and appealed to the entire crew. "Obviously, that snake is an actor," he said. "It's not the property department's baby." Light was fading, Mr. Brown was becoming more impatient with each rattle of the snake's vibrating tail, but the argument continued hot and unending. Finally the union representative on the set stepped up. "If the make-up and prop departments have no objections, we might let Mr. Allen do this make-up," he suggested. And so Ross Allen painted the ugly head you will shudder at in your neighborhood theater.

NO human star on the set was more pampered than Caesar, the old horse which plows Penny Baxter's fields or carries Penny and Jody off to swap guns and dogs with Big Scrub neighbors. My Florida neighbor Jake Hudnell, who was officially appointed Caesar's keeper, has come as close to making a talking horse of him as anything you will find. Their companionability extends to a shared liking for beer. One Sunday, when actors and crew had an infrequent holiday, Jake decided Caesar deserved a little outing too. The Silver Inn at Silver Springs is a favorite Sunday gathering place for my friends here, so Jake saddled Caesar and rode him over. Word drifted back to M-G-M offices a few hours later that both Jake and Caesar were having a very enjoyable time, with friends buying all the beer they could handle. And since the company has some $90,000 in Technicolor film on ice with that horse, also without a double, a

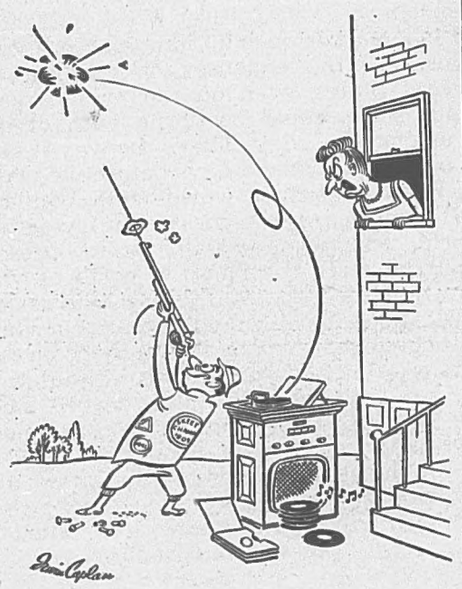
trailer was rushed to the inn and old Caesar was carried back to his stall to sleep off his hangover.

The M-G-M crew, as well as the townspeople of Ocala, are still chuckling about the old cracker out in the scrub who flatly refused to swap a dilapidated old wagon, held together by bailing wire and turpentine-barrel hoops, for a brand-new vehicle displayed in the showrooms of a farm-equipment concern here. People of sane mind just don't drive into a person's barnyard with such an offer, he remarked, and who wants to deal with lunatics?

A hand-hewn cypress log canoe is used in the picture, and eighty-four-year-old Lee Mason, early pioneer and lumberman of this region, was engaged to hew the canoe out of a large cypress log with a hand adz. He worked skillfully and lovingly, as only an old craftsman can do, turning out the boat—his fifty-fourth, I believe. It really was a masterpiece when finished. Art director Paul Groesse took a fast look at it when it was delivered, called for a hatchet and a can of brown paint, then slashed gashes along its gunwales and sides and daubed paint on to give it an aged appearance. Through all this, old man Mason sat on a near-by stump with tears flowing down his weathered old cheeks. "Why in hell did I ever undertake cuttin' that canoe out for them damn Yankees?" he kept saying. "They wouldn't know a good boat from a dirty old Seminole log."

As the crew winds up the scenes here and takes the cans of Technicolor back to the studio for editing, we can all say with my friend John Clardy, who helped them scour the country for the authentic props you'll see in the picture, "Golderned if being 'tetched' doesn't help when it comes to making movies."

THE END



"Harvey Blackburn, bring that record player right back in here!"

INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels Like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize at last he may be able to say good-bye to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

But such a man was Leopold Aul and as explained in his own words, "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?', he asked, 'they did wonders for me'."

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NOV. 16, 1946

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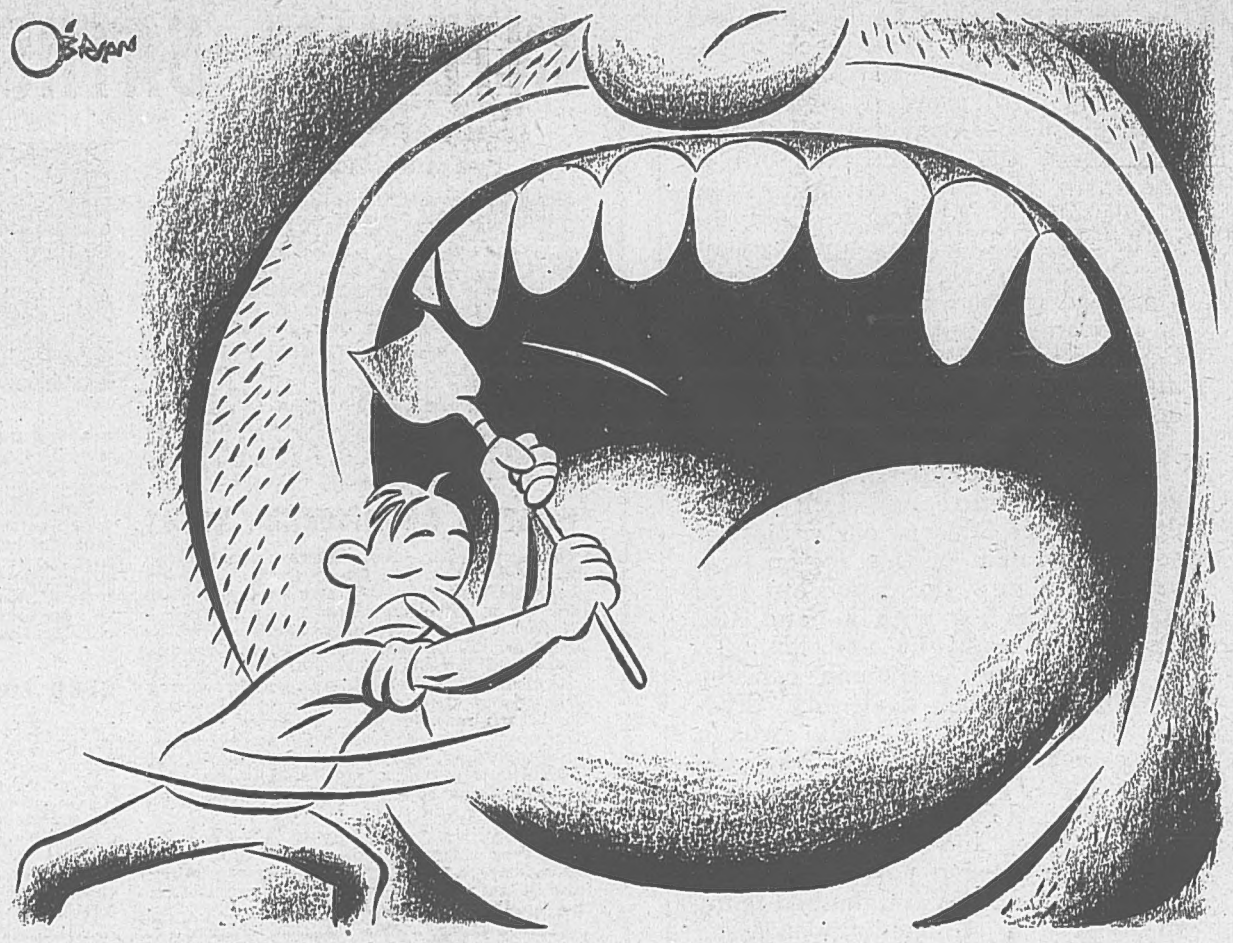


Mars—the insatiable monster.

LEST WE FORGET— WAR IS WASTE!

ARMISTICE DAY, November 11, originally designated to celebrate the ending of World War I, has been somewhat overshadowed by the dire happenings since. Nevertheless, it seems an appropriate time to take stock of what warfare has cost us and will continue to cost us for what seems endless years to come. Some people are inclined to be misled by the feeling of strength and vigor which our nation develops when at war. They mistake the surging production, the bustling activity, the booming money incomes for economic health. They get half a notion that, except for its cost in human life and suffering, war is a good thing, a stimulus to the energies of the nation.

Our national budget for the current fiscal year is proof enough of the error of any such conception. The United States expects to spend this year $41,500,000,000. Of this, only $6,500,000,000 is to cover the cost of running the government. All the rest, in one way or another, results from war. We are spending nearly $19,000,000,000 for current national defense; more than $6,000,000,000 for veterans' benefits; $5,000,000,000 for interest on the national debt, which is due to war; more than $3,000,000,000 in loans to foreign governments necessitated by war. The total of our war-connected expenses for this fiscal year is more than $33,000,000,000. The balance of about $1,800,000,000, which takes care of refunds for overpaid taxes, would never have become necessary except for wartime tax rates.

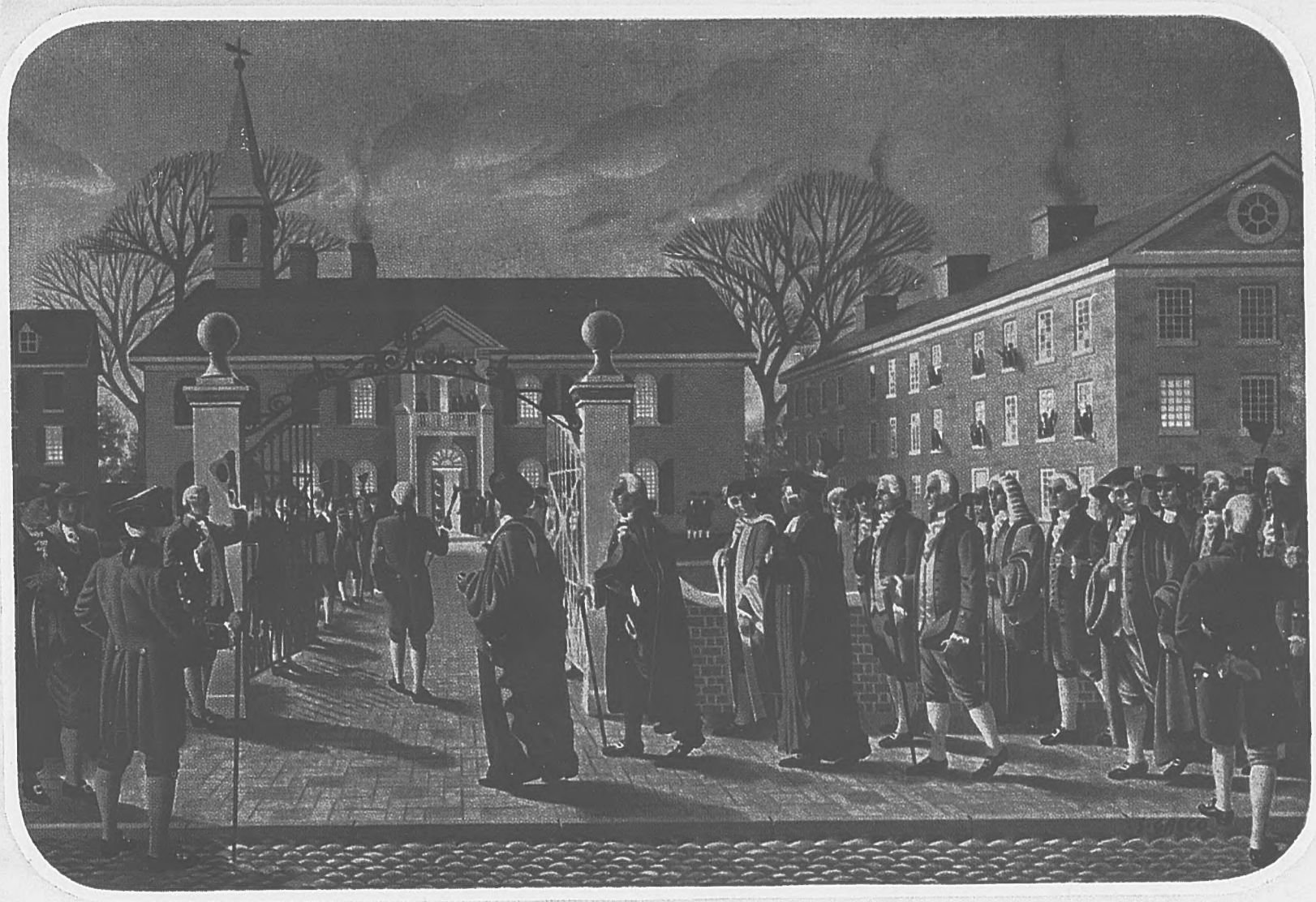
Speaking of taxes, it is significant to bear this in mind: We could run our government, except for war-connected expenditures, and have a nice surplus to boot on the proceeds of excise taxes and customs receipts alone. These are expected to produce $7,500,000,000. We would have no income tax on individuals or corporations. All the expenses of running the United States, even on the present generous scale, could be borne without any of us ever feeling it. That's the way it used to be in the good old days before we began to fight expensive world-wide conflicts.

If America, the richest country in the world, has been brought to its present financial state through the costs of war, how much more fearfully must this useless waste bear down on other nations which do not possess our wealth and resources?

War is neither ennobling, stimulating, nor beneficial in the slightest degree. Even the victors lose heavily. Nevertheless, such is the magnitude of human folly and the inability of diplomats to know and interpret the interests of the people they represent, that future wars are talked of as not only possible but likely!

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE



PROCESSION ENTERING FIRST AMERICAN LAW SCHOOL TO HEAR JAMES WILSON, CHIEF JUSTICE OF PENNSYLVANIA . . . PHILADELPHIA, 1790*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

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. . . FROM FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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